FEBRUARY 18 — 24, 1978

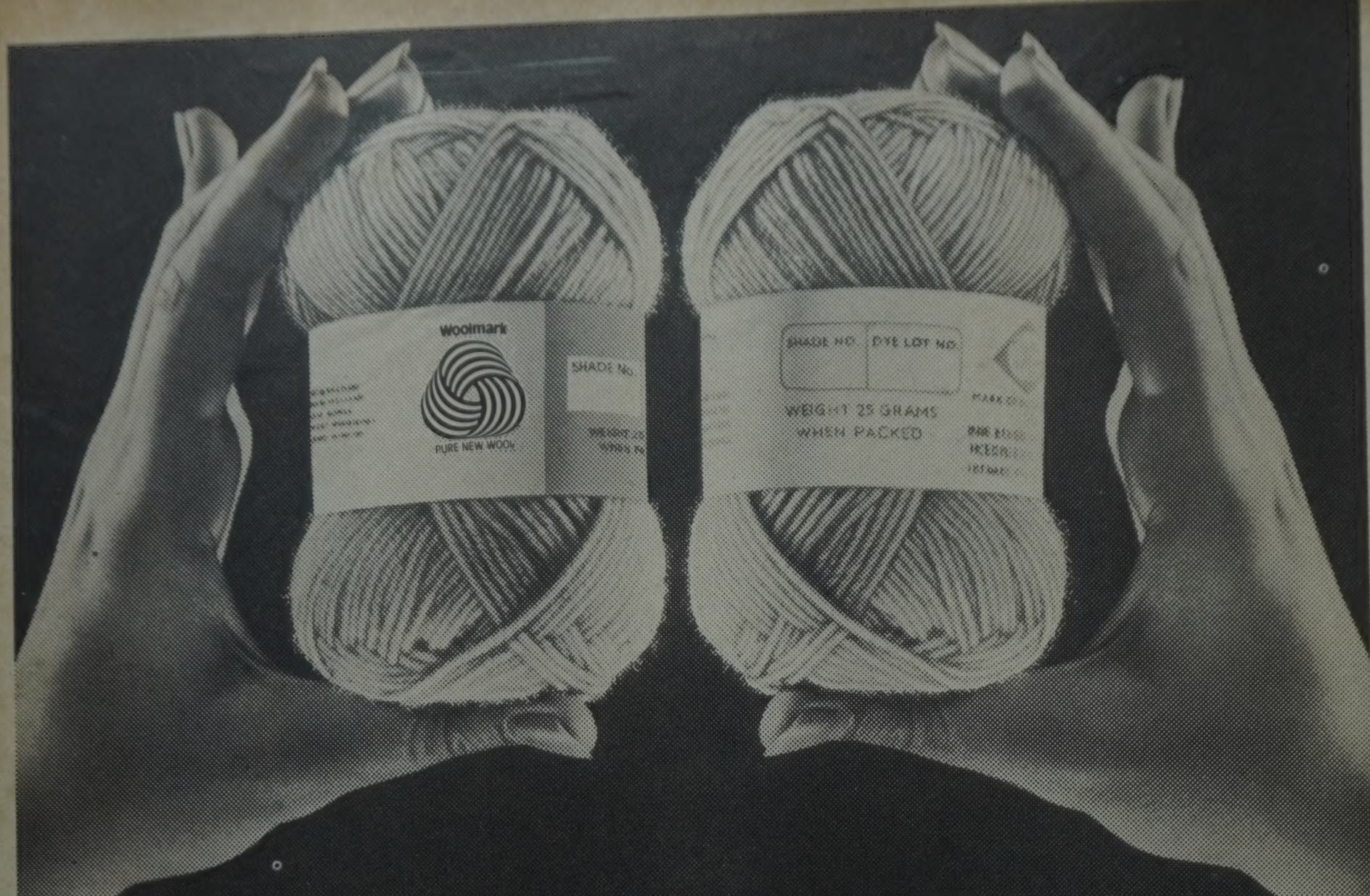
Eve's Weekly

RS. 1.50

FATHERS ARE PARENTS TOO!

ADMISSION TO SCHOOLS: A Nightmare In Bombay

36246



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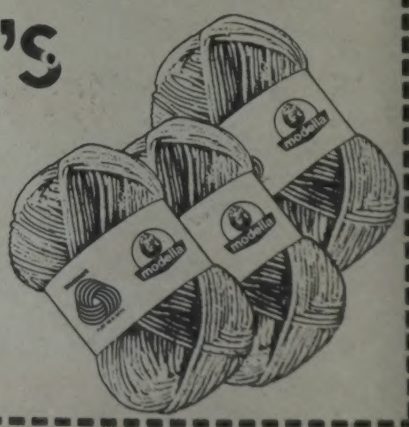

look for modella's Woolmark assurance of pure, unadulterated wool.

CASIWS-65-30

What every woman should know about blood and iron loss.

Doctors say that as a woman you need twice as much iron as a man.

And here's what happens if you don't get it.

With your monthly loss of blood, you also lose iron.
If you don't make up this iron loss regularly, you could start feeling tired, irritable and unable to give your family all the love and care they need.
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LINTAS:V-57

MYTHILI RAMAKRISHNA

Mythili Ramakrishna, a gifted exponent of Bharata Natyam and Odissi styles, has made a mark as a danseuse. She has also learnt the Kuchipudi style under the renowned Vedantham Jagannadha Sarma. She started giving public performances at the early age of ten under the expert guidance of C. S. Kunchitam and T. R. Devanathan.

Mythili's distinction lies in the fact that she has had a brilliant academic career too. A pupil of the Bharatiya Vidhya Bhavan School, Delhi, she won the Kulapathi's Gold Medal for best student. She passed her B.Sc (Hons) in Home Science and did M.Sc in Food and Nutrition at the Andhra Pradesh Agricultural University.

She is keen on tennis, table tennis and swimming, but has little time for them. "I have to sacrifice something, there simply is no time," remarks Mythili wistfully.

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this week

ADMISSION HEADACHES

Every year thousands of parents in Bombay are faced with the stupendous task of getting their children admitted to good schools. It is a traumatic experience for all concerned — the parents, who are on tenterhooks till the ordeal is over, the children, who at a tender age are submitted to intelligence tests, and the school authorities, who are pressurised from all sides. Interviews with all concerned, including Pratibha Patil, Maharashtra's Minister for Education.

Page 8.

THE MOTHER

The late Mother of the Aurobindo Mission, whose birth centenary is on February 21, was a woman with progressive ideas on many issues. For example, "It is true that as soon as great events and works are in question the custom is to relegate women to a corner with a smile of patronising contempt... and women . . . have accepted . . . this deplorable state of affairs. I dare to say that they are wrong."

Page 33.

PARENTHOOD: NOT A FEMALE PRESERVE

A point often forgotten is that fathers are parents too. It's easy to assume that the maternal instinct is something exclusively female and that the bringing up of children is therefore the prerogative of the mother. Actually, the paternal instinct is just as real as the maternal, if only more males would allow themselves to recognise and accept it — as they are doing elsewhere in the world.

Page 42.

POSSIBILITIES FOR INVOLVEMENT

Continuing our series of reports about women's groups in major cities, this week the focus is on groups in Bangalore and their activities.

Page 26.

ALSO

Unusual hairstyles, by a visiting Japanese stylist — **Page 20**, Passing Through: Rosalyn Yalow, Nobel laureate, and Suzanne Henig, Poetess — **Page 38**, Profile : Naomi Iny, sculpting caricatures **Page 41**, "If I Die Tomorrow" Part III of the story — **Page 18**, Film Feature — stars on shopping sprees — **Page 37**.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page & Horoscope /7, People Known & Unknown /13, Children's Page /15, Comics /17, Fashion /24, Heart to Heart /27, Cookery /28, Frankly Speaking /43, People & Events /44, World of Eve /46.

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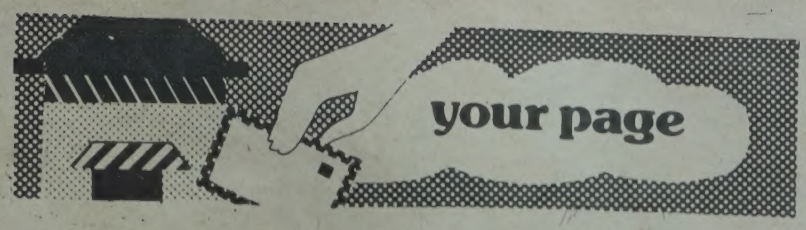


1st prize

PATERNITY LEAVE — YES ..

Paternity leave for fathers! So goes the news. A Madras University Commission on higher education for women has recommended that the husband be granted a fortnight's paternity leave to enable him to look after the household and child-rearing duties during his wife's delivery and post-natal period. I only hope the women will not be taken for a ride after allowing this concession to the men. There are far too many loop-holes for the arrangement to be workable and successful. The big question is how, and who is, to ensure that the husband is house-bound during the paternity leave period and if (it is a big 'if') house-bound, he attends to the household duties. He may avail of the leave and, in his lordly way, choose to spend it the way he likes, which may be anything from cards sessions to races.

The fact has to be faced that physical disability and discomfort are not inherent in paternity as in the case of maternity. As this will be the modus operandi of the general run of husbands, what does the wife gain in this bargain of her own making? Nothing. But if she is extraordinarily lucky to have a considerate husband, who does not think it demeaning to attend to the needs of his wife and new-born child, (which is rather a remote possibility), she stands to benefit by this arrangement. As exceptions do not make the rule, let not the women knowingly afford an opportunity to the men to make fools of them.

Miss S. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

Yes, we've thought of the loop-holes. But, a beginning has to be made somewhere, with trust and faith. Fathers must have much more involvement in the care of children, than they do now. The young mother, too, would welcome her husband's presence at this crucial stage — much more than she would a female in-law.

2nd prize

...OR NO?

The Commission on Higher Education for Women appointed by Madras University has suggested two weeks' paternity leave for men. The family is the joint responsibility of the parents, and time and again in your articles and features you have very rightly and emphatically stressed on the father's involvement and responsibility in bringing up children. What better step, then, than sanctioning paternity leave whereby men would be encouraged to help their wives in attending to the new-born child. Many husbands, in fact, have the inclination to do so but are helpless in finding time. Several countries abroad have adopted this measure and the results have been found to be very encouraging. If a magazine of your standard and popularity takes up the cause and fights for it, I am sure success will not be far.

Vijaya Murthy, Bombay

You can see from our answer to the first letter, that we say 'yes' to paternity leave — despite some misgiving. But what about the women themselves? Are the young mothers going to delegate responsibility to the father; will the mother-in-law refrain from saying: "beta, this is not your work"?

3rd prize

DASHING DAD

A lot has been said about men not lending a helping hand in the household work. What about men who do? As a hardworking lawyer rapidly climbing the ladder of success, dad seldom gets leisure. But even during that time dad will not relax, he does not know the meaning of the word "rest". Sometimes I wonder if he sleeps in the night. Mind you, we have two servants in the house but even then, in his leisure time, dad washes and irons his clothes, dusts and arranges the furniture, looks after the gardening and the pets, repairs anything that's broken, does many other jobs, and helps mum in the kitchen, too. Dad's a very busy man, yet he goes out of his way to help us. He solves our problems with concern, love and understanding.

And praising dad does not mean Mum's no good. She's everything a woman should be. Isn't Mum lucky to get a husband like dad? Will I be as lucky as Mum? Is there any possibility of finding an eligible bachelor, who has the qualities of my Dad?

Marisa Dias, Bombay

We are dizzy after reading your letter. You haven't got a dad — you've got a super-dad! With a little bit of luck (or, perhaps, lots of it?) you might find a young man who'll be as dashing as Dad (but don't count on it). By the way, what does Mum do?

MORALLY SPEAKING

Every time we speak ill of others behind their backs, thus not giving them a chance to defend themselves, every time we fail to speak up against a malpractice, or to speak up for a deserving person or idea, everytime we pass the blame, or the buck, onto someone else, every time we equivocate or prevaricate, I wonder if we do not detract from our own integrity; in short, commit "moral suicide"?

Conversely, everytime we go out of our way to lend a helping hand or a sympathetic ear, say a word of praise or encouragement, not only do we spread goodwill and cheer, but I guess we ourselves grow in mental, emotional and moral stature.

Indu K. Mallah, Tamil Nadu

What is morality? It means different things to different people. There is no one standard of morality today —more's the pity. Your idealism is commendable and we are all for it. . .but is it always practical in this very materialistic world?

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week Feb. 18-24

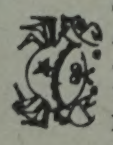
ARIES (March 21 — April 19) Daily routine disturbed. Insure against fire and accidents, and be diplomatic about issues of self-interest.

Favourable days: 20, 21.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) May have to show your bull vigour. Separation from old partnerships but much benefit from new.

Favourable days: 18, 19.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Performance in your field of activity rewarded. Good response from overseas friends and relatives. Favourable days: All days.



CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Acrimony inside family, but friends help solve problems. Lucrative week for people in legal profession.

Favourable days: 23, 24.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Financial and other kinds of help for any ventures. Investment in estate and home comforts likely.

Favourable days: 20, 24.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Good week for press people, writers and those in medical world. Members of opposite sex helpful. Favourable days: All days.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Artists, singers and poets find inspiration. Friends infuse self-confidence and strength to achieve objectives.

Favourable days: All days.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) There may be trouble in family relationships, but keep your cool and avoid changes. Favourable days: 18, 19.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Auspicious week with friends proving helpful. Travel and correspondence prove beneficial.

Favourable days: All days.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19). You persuade people in your work. Success in legal matters and promotion in your job.

Favourable days: 23, 24.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Objectives connected with stage, writing and publicity will be achieved. Romantic rendezvous brings fast friends.

Favourable days: All days.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Expenses outstrip income. Avoid clandestine affairs and legal complications. Take leave. Domestic area peaceful.

Favourable days: 18, 19.

HEADACHES

Each year thousands of parents in Bombay face the difficult task of getting their children admitted to good schools. With the tremendous shortage of schools, the principals are pressurized in various ways to admit all the students. The tiny tots themselves undergo the trauma of passing the entrance test. In many cases the government authorities are approached when the child is declared unsuccessful. However, there seems to be no solution in sight. There is fierce competition for the limited seats as the following shows:

SCHOOL	APPLICANTS	SEATS
QUEEN MARY, Girgaum	700	90
BOMBAY SCOTTISH, Mahim	900	120
SACRED HEART, Santa Cruz	1000	200
CATHEDRAL, V.T.	Admissions full till 1982.	

The result is that in October, when admissions start, there is a virtual race amoug the parents to get their child in.

VIEWS OF PRINCIPALS

The problems concerning admission to schools in Bombay looms large mostly in the English medium schools, irrespective of locality. For instance, in Queen Mary School, Girgaum, and the Bombay Scottish Orphanage School, Mahim, the percentage of applicants admitted is the same each year, 12 per cent.

Schools such the Cathedral and John O'Connon School and Queen Mary follow a system of registration based on a first-come, first-served principle. In Cathedral (as the school is generally known), the admissions are full right up to 1982. In Queen Mary one has to apply on the day of birth for 1980.

It is clear that there is a tremendous demand for English medium education in Bombay. In the B.P.M. High School, Khar, one-third of the applicants for the English medium have to be disappointed each year, whereas nearly 5-10 seats remain empty in the Marathi medium school. In Kamla High School, the Sindhi medium is soon to be closed.

Parents are choosy in selecting schools for their children. At the same time, schools are equally selective. They have entrance tests for Kindergarten and first standard students. In Queen Mary's lower KG students are required to know reading, conversation, recognition of numbers and their values, recognition of colours, names of birds and animals and recognition of their shapes.

For the first standard, besides knowledge of English, the child has to pass a test in mathematics, general knowledge, poetry, reading and conversation.

In most schools there is no test for nursery students. In Bombay Scottish, there is a very simple intelligence test for three-year-olds. In Cathedral, teachers and psychologists judge the child on the basis of "planned active play."

On the other hand, in the Pupils' Own School, there is no test at all for lower and higher KG students. Physically or mentally abnormal children are rejected only after admission. According to Principal B. M. Joshi, though an entrance test helps maintain the standard of the school, it could lead to corruption for the sake of getting donations.

Miss Sita Samtani of Kamla High School feels the practice of entrance tests is unsound because children experience rejection at a young age. Besides, it is hard on shy and nervous children.

Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob of Cathedral School, and Mr. L. Gamaliel of Bombay Scottish doubt the efficacy of the test. Mr. Gamaliel admits, "We may have missed a child prodigy if he doesn't respond."

Attempts are made to make the child relax with sweets, toys to play with and music to listen to. Mr. V. V. Sane of B. P. M. suggests parents should be present, "provided they don't interrupt."

The opinions of the various principals are individual. They do not in any way reflect the policy of the management. Even in respect of the ideal number of students to a class, 50 per cent of the schools differ from the ideal.

Mr. Gamaliel denounces the concept of the ideal number as a myth as, according to him, a lot depends on the teacher's attitude. Miss Sita Samtani feels that 30 would be ideal in the Western countries but in India, one has to consider the vast population and there could be 40-45 students.

According to Mrs. R. Chaturvedi of Sarvodaya Balika Vidyalaya, Malad, "If we compare the number of minutes in a period with the number of students (50) we will find that there is not even one minute for each student." This is because the government has passed a rule that one child should occupy six sq. ft. of space. Mrs. K. P. Rajhuns of Queen Mary feels that it is more important to emphasise the attention given to a child than the area occupied.

On the question of influence or pressure used to secure admission, she asserted: "There should not be any deviation from the straight forward policy of admission because of pressure from government or management." She admits that preference is given to children of ex-students. "But

OF SCHOOL ADMISSION

only if they come in time." There is no preference given to friends' children. "Not even my husband can influence me in this respect," she says.

Mrs. Chaturvedi feels that it is unfair to admit students through influence since many deserving students are rejected for the undeserving. This is because "influence is generally exerted after the child has already been rejected."

Father N. Rodrigues, a member of the executive committee of the Headmasters' Association, states that "there is influence from top people." As for preference being given to students recommended by friends, including those in the government and the municipality, he admits "that has some value."

He also admits that preference is definitely given to Catholics in certain schools. "The Sacred Heart school is recognised as a school for a minority community. It has been built by Catholics. Even then it is cosmopolitan.'

Mr. Kuruvilla Jacob denies that preference is given to foreigners. "This is one of the few schools recognised as an international school, so by tradition children of diplomats come here. Even so, foreign students comprise hardly five per cent of the total number."

He denies that children are rejected for their wrong English accent. However, he admits that in the entrance test, children who have felicity in reading, writing

Getting your children admitted into a reasonably good school, with English as the medium of instruction, can be a traumatic experience, straining your purse, your nerves and your stamina

Maya C. Malani

and comprehending English naturally score better.

Mr. Gamaliel asserted that the allegations that preference is given to children recommended by friends and relatives, and to those whose parents are famous, are "absolutely false."

Mr. Sane said that there is no influence from the management. "We do accept the recommendations of known people, i.e. those in the locality," he said, "but these applicants are subject to interviews." In the case of children of transferred government employees, "even if there are no seats, they have to be accommodated," he said. Preference is given to the above category even in Bombay Scottish, which is a private school.

On the question of donations, Mrs. Chaturvedi asserts "We don't take a single paisa, not before, after or during admissions." Miss Samtani, Mrs. Rajhuns and Mr. Jacob refuse to admit children whose parents offer donations. This is because "the values the parents have are instilled in the children," says Mrs. Rajhuns.

Mr. Gamaliel feels that "it is only the large number of disappointed parents who tend to malign the institution."

This is not entirely true. Mr. Sane admits that they take donations from the parents of pre-primary students as there are no grants from the government and the fees are not sufficient to run the school. Nevertheless, he says, "We do not insist on a particular amount."

Father Rodrigues understands why schools take donations at admission time. They never get them later, when they need help. "But," he said, "we do not take donations at all. I am open to any scrutiny."

The obvious solution to the admission problem is to open more good English medium schools and to allow the existing schools to expand. Miss Samtani nevertheless feels that if parents were less "choosy" and students thus well-distributed, the problem would be eased. Mr. Jacob and Father Rodrigues suggest that the standard of all schools be improved with the help of the education department. But Mr. Gamaliel states that uncontrolled expansion is definitely not the answer. "Expansion of buildings should not be at the expense of recreational facilities," he says.

Mrs. Rajhuns advocates the use of places of worship and public gatherings as schools when they are free. According to Mr. Sane, the only solution is nationalisation of education. In an area, different subjects should be allotted to different schools for specialisation. The financial needs of schools should be met out of the educational cess, which should be increased.

VIEWS OF AUTHORITIES

Mrs. Pratibha Patil, State Education Minister, and Mrs. Kusum Kamath, Education Officer, Municipal Corporation of Greater Bombay, were interviewed to elicit their views on the admission problems in the city.

It was learnt that there was a genuine shortage of schools. "The school going population is increasing at the rate of five per cent per anuum," according to Mrs. Kamath. In Greater Bombay itself, there were 6,15,273 students in municipal primary schools and 2,77,295 in others as on April 1, 1977.

In Maharashtra state the education budget has been increased from Rs. 2 crores before independence to Rs. 250 crores. "However, it needs to be increased greatly to meet the needs of the growing population," Mrs. Patil said.

Commenting on the expansion of existing school buildings, Mrs. Patil said that permission was given for "natural growth." According to Mrs. Kamath, approval of plans for expansion was done by a different department. "Sometimes even the corporation's buildings are not allowed to be expanded," she said.

In her opinion, the facilities in an over-crowded city like Bombay should be used to the maximum. Questioned regarding the possibility of using places of worship as schools when they were not in use, Mrs. Patil answered, "It is a religious matter, but if people approach me, permission could be given for individual and special cases."

Regarding the possibility of nationalisation of education, she felt that it was purely an academic topic for the moment. "The possibility would depend on the situation in the future," she said. Mrs. Kamath voiced a similar doubt, "though it would be healthy from the point of view of national integration, people might not accept it because of the existing disparities among the various classes," she said.

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? Or are you simply afraid to ask some questions? A small-town girl coming from a traditional and conservative background, you wouldn't dare approach your parents; not sure of your friends advice, you long for professional help and guidance?

? Misunderstandings with the one you love? It's better put right now or it may be too late.

? Is it a behind-the-bedroom-door matter? Something you wouldn't even discuss with your best friend?

? Even in these liberated times most people acknowledge the importance of a man-woman relationship. If you're wise you won't underestimate it.

? Is it the proverbial in-law problem? Don't just ignore it—it could cost you much. Good advice will cost little and give you much to live for.

? Is divorce the first thing on your mind each morning? Does each day drag so painfully along that you can't tolerate married life a minute longer?

? Does the thought of sex put you off totally? You couldn't dream of loving the man you call your husband?

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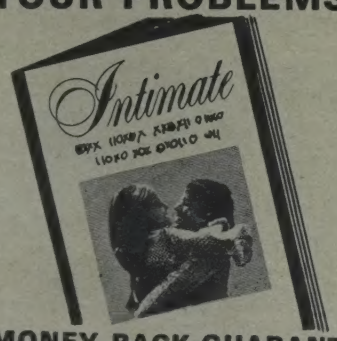

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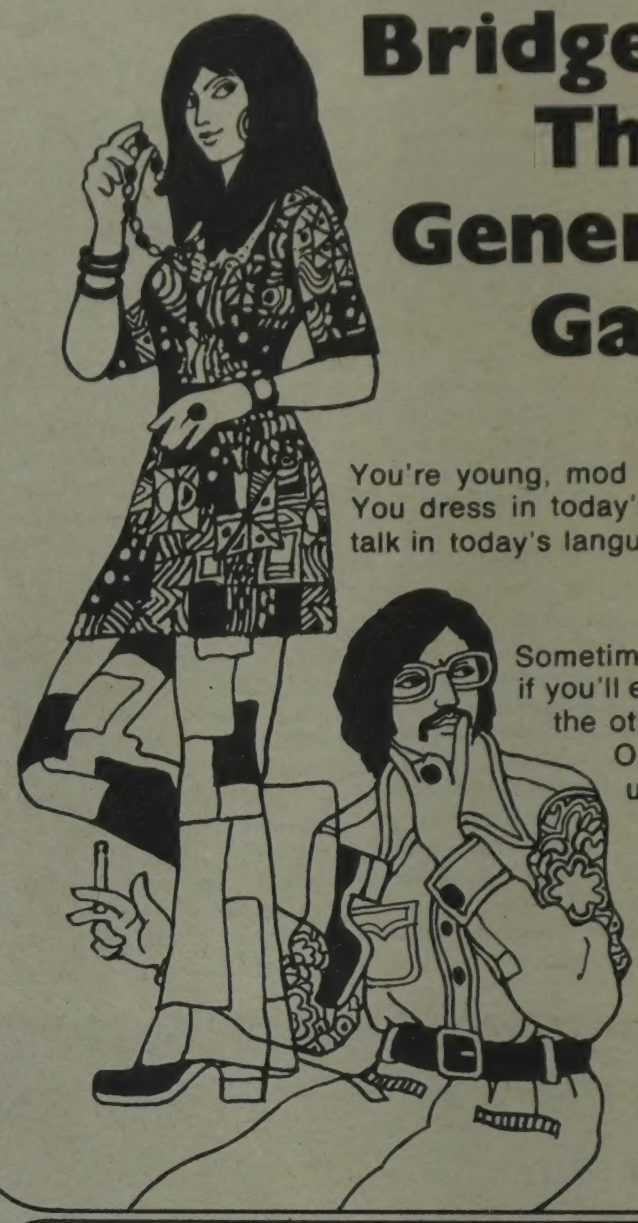
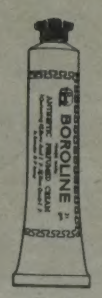


You're young, mod and trendy.
You dress in today's fashions and yo
talk in today's language.

Sometimes you wonder if you'll ever understand the other generation. Or if they'll ever understand you.



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the trusted choice for any generation.

HEADACHES OF SCHOOL ADMISSIONS

As for entrance tests for admissions, Mrs. Patil felt that they should not be conducted. "The doors of schools should be open to all," she said. Commenting on the trauma experienced by small children, Mrs. Kamath felt that it was created mainly by the anxiety of parents. "The test is not to guage the knowledge of the child, but only to find out how far he is bold, active, receptive, and sociable," she explained. In case there was a complaint that the child had not been admitted in spite of passing the test, inspectors checked the school records. Similarly, centres were set up during admission time for those who had difficulty in getting admission, she said.

Regarding donations accepted by schools for admissions, she said, "So far we have had no official complaints — only verbal ones. If there are official complaints, we can take action." Mrs. Patil, however, held that "the government cannot prohibit donations because there is no law under which we can prohibit them."

Speaking about the use of influence and pressure, she said, "It is bound to happen once in a way. You are bound to put in a word casually for a person you know." Mrs. Kamath endorsed this view. "There is nothing wrong if the seat is given to a relative of a government employee." There are about five seats reserved for the corporation in every school. She continued, "The criterion is whether it is really important to help the child. Besides, it does not work every time."

In her opinion, the ideal number of students in a class should be 35-40. Mrs. Patil did not volunteer an opinion on this matter, saying she is not "an expert in the teaching line." But with the vast population of the country, she felt "we can only try and achieve a balance in the teacher-student ratio."

VIEWS OF PARENTS

For the parents admission-time is a nightmare. Many of them register their children on the very day of birth. They stand in endless queues for application forms (approximately 60 per cent of the parents get them). Their children face stiff competition in the entrance tests. And then, finally, thousands of parents are disappointed.

Mrs. S. R., a middle-class Maharashtrian who applied to the Sacred Heart School for her child's admision, said that her husband stood in the queue "from midnight till 9 a.m." Getting admission is not an easy matter for those staying outside the vicinity of the school. Mrs. A. P., a Punjabi parent, had been trying to get admission for her child while the child was still in nursery school. Finally she had no other alternative but to use influence.

Mrs. L. W. complains that in Bombay Scottish, preference is given to children whose parents are famous, such as film stars' and film directors' kids. With the rush of 500-700 applicants for 150 seats, she feels that "influence is the only thing that works."

Forty-five per cent of the twenty-one parents interviewed considered the selection procedure unfair. Among these were those who are "cheesed off." In Cathedral, "the selection is purely on merit," Mrs. M. S. asserts, "even a millionaire's son does not necessarily get in." She herself is an upper middle-class parent, who is having difficulty getting admission for her child.

Out of the three parents interviewed whose children are in Queen Mary's, one admitted that her child got in because she herself had been in that school. Another said it was because she knew the principal. Only one said the selection was on a first-come-first-served basis.

"In B.P.M. school, when we asked for admission, the amount of Rs. 200 was mentioned by way of a donation," says Mrs. P. G., a middle-class South Indian. Mrs. T. M. did not have to give any donation because she knew someone in the management. Mrs. M. U., an upper middle-class parent, had to donate Rs. 500 by way of advertisement to a convent in Santa Cruz, despite the fact that she used government influence. In one English school in Malad, "donation is necessary if one does not want one's child to lose a year," according to Mr. K. S., a middle-class parent. The result is that the middle-class and the lower middle-classes suffer. "These days we can barely afford the fees and textbooks, leave alone donations," he complains.

In Kamla High School, Pupils' Own School and Sarvodaya Balika Vidyalaya, there is no difficulty in getting admission. One has simply to fill the admission form and pay the fees.

Most English medium schools have entrance tests. In Cathedral, a certain knowledge of English is essential. Mrs. A. S. quotes the instance of a brilliant Gujarati boy who, she says, was rejected on the basis of his accent.

The entrance tests have different effects on different children. Some of them burst into tears. On the other hand some are bold enough to shake hands with the interviewers and wish them good morning.

The test is quite simple in Bombay Scottish because "they explain the procedure to the child before asking him questions," says Mrs. A. C. Most of the parents do not prepare their children for the entrance test. This is because the nursery schools are geared to the high standard required by schools.

Seventeen out of the twenty-one parents interviewed feel that there are too many children in the classes for each of them to receive individual attention. The result is that the weaker students suffer.

In Sarvodaya Balika Vidyalaya, the problem is overcome by holding extra classes. In Pupils' Own School, the top five students are appointed as monitors to check the homework of the others. According to Mrs. I. S., a middle class Gujarati parent, "this system works very well." In the Cathedral School's infant department, there is the institution of "teacher's side."

BOOK REVIEW:

ART HOBBIES by Shakuntala Balu. Published by Bapco Publications, Bangalore. Pp. 174. Price: Rs. 20.

The writer, Eve's Weekly correspondent in Bangalore, is herself a versatile and talented craftswoman and in this book she gives us the benefit of her knowledge and work.

In her book she has listed about 50 subjects ranging from interior decoration, flower arrangement, bonsai and bonkei, mosaics and murals, pottery and ceramics, collage, leather and wood work, designs and prints with dyes on fabrics to costume jewellery and a host of other interesting hobbies.

In his introduction Dr. Mulk Raj Anand has paid a warm tribute to the author.

Though a comprehensive and useful guide with easy-to-follow instructions and illustrations, the price is exorbitant.

As regards the printing, much is left to be desired.

C.J.

That it tastes good
and real
is an understatement
since 1 A.D.

The adam-and-eve game started with an apple. Centuries later, we're still keeping thé game going. As Gold Coin real apple juice. With one difference. Apples taste better as Gold Coin. Sip it and you're sold on it ! If this is an understatement, well...

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APPLE JUICE

MOHAN MEAKIN BREWERIES LIMITED (Estd. 1855) MOHAN NAGAR, U.P.

Nayantara Sahgal had her first encounter with Chhatisgarhi folk culture recently and enjoyed the experience immensely. Mrs. Sahgal, who is currently an "observer" and a member of tne committee appointed by the Government to guage the feasibility of the proposed autonomous set-up for AIR, encountered the tribal way of life during her visit to Raipur as an observer of All India Radio. And though, according to instructions received from the Government, she did not

reveal anything about her findings concerning the AIR, Mrs. Sahgal was more than vocal on the subject of tribal culture with special reference to her reactions to the Chhattisgarhi tribals. According to her, the tribal way of life is good for its people and the cultural traditions it maintains should be a matter of pride for Indians. She was also deeply impressed by the folk dances that she witnessed during her four day tour. Thanks to the tribals, Raipur will remain in Mrs. Sahgal's memory as a "fascinating" place.

* * *

Srinivasa Bhagvatar is well known in the town of Tiruvaiyar, 15 kms from Tanjore. He is known among lovers of Carnatic music not because he is a great exponent of music but because he is the great-grand-nephew of no less a musical genius than the saint-composer Thyagaraja himself.

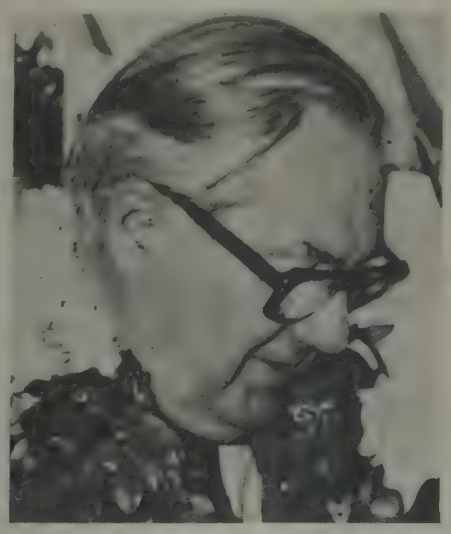
Srinivasa Bhagvatar is employed in the pleasant task of upholding his ancestor's traditions and in preserving his memory. He is the custodian of the simple but well-visited shrine-samadhi of the singer. Srinivasa's own great-grandfather, Jalapesan , was not quite so great an admirer of or believer in the saint composer's merit and abilities and is reputed to have done his bit to make Thyagaraja's life a difficult one. His great-grandson, however, is doing his bit to atone for Jalapesan's sins. Not only does Srinivasa look after the shrine with deep devotion, but he also makes a round of the village every morning singing Thyagaraja's songs. "I feel I am atoning for the sins of my great-grand-father" he affirms to those who question him on the dedication with which he performs this daily, self-appointed duty.

* * *

The Times Of India's staff photographer, Mr. Jitendra Arya, sprang a pleasant surprise on the British Prime Minister, **Mr. James Callaghan** during the latter's visit to Bombay. Callaghan was touched and somewhat flattered when he was presented with copies of two photos taken almost twenty years ago by Mr. Arya. The photos were of Mr. Callaghan and his wife, taken at separate sittings by Mr. Arya who was then running a studio in London

The gesture was more than amply rewarded when Mr. Callaghan responded by giving the photographer an impromtu sitting in the garden of the British Deputy High Commissioner's house.

For the second time in their respective careers, the photographs that support Mr. Callaghan's election campaign might be taken by Mr. Jiten-



dra Arya. The earlier photos had been taken expressly for the purpose of being featured on election posters, and as for the new ones, Mr. Callaghan has requested that he be sent copies "so that I can use them in my next election campaign."

* * *

Thanks to the hurricane that is raging in **Roman Polanski's** life following his acceptance of guilt on the charge of raping a 13-year-old girl, the director has been dropped from the film "Hurricane" which had earlier been placed under his directoral care. Polanski is at present undergoing a 90-day psychiatric test at the Chino

prison, 65 km from Los Angeles. The tests had been postponed once to enable him to work on the preparations for the film. But now that actual production is held up for the three current months, and the costs continue to mount, the film producer, Dino de Laurentis, has decided to launch work on the "Hurricane" without Polanski.

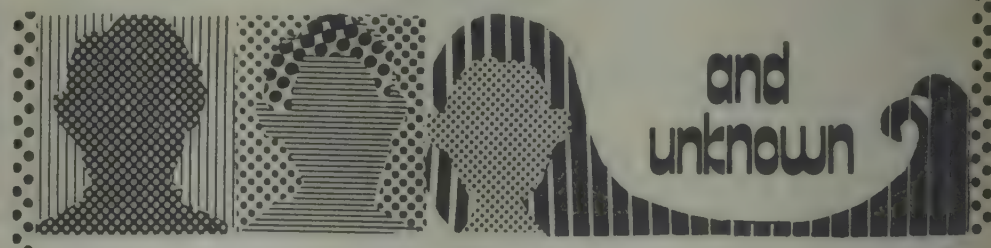
* * *

Second time lucky. . .proved to be the maxim, where **Mr. D. K. Himatsingka** is concerned. He won the vintage car rally organised by the Oberoi Sheraton, hands down, and walked away with the glittering trophy in this, his second year as a competitor. Last year, on his maiden voyage into the field of vintage rallies, Mr. Himatsingka had to content himself with the second place.

Dressed in the regalia of a Bengali zamindar, the family of Mr. Himatsingka looked every bit an apparition from the past as their 1936 Mercedes Benz rolled on well oiled wheels into the rally. If reports are any indication the "Bengalis" outshone even the glitter and glamour of the "Marwari" Dhabolkar family who, in some guise or the other, had won the trophy in the past three years.

* * *

Weathering storms, seas and discouragement, nineteen-year-old **Arish Fyzee** has, along with two other collegians, managed to sail a yatch across the Pacific. By his doughty feat, Arish has earned the record of being "probably the first Indian to undertake a voyage of this magnitude and nature." The boys sailed the often rough seas between Victoria in Western Canada and Aukland in New Zealand (a distance of approx. 8000 nautical miles) in a 30-foot-yacht, and completed their voyage only a few days behind schedule. The project, which took about four months and 23 days, was delayed only by 92 hours, and that too because of the hurricane season which caused the minor delay in the schedule. However, undeterred by warnings or weather, the boys made it to their destination intact and happy. Now the boys are toying with the idea of retracing their steps, and returning to Canada via Tahiti and the Marquesas islands — a journey which will take them till May to complete.



The legendary Anarkali met her end for having dared to aspire for a prince's love. Princess Misha (23) of Saudi Arabia died because she stooped to marrying a commoner.

The princess, who wed a cousin of the Saudi Arabian Ambassador in Beirut, was publicly executed by a firing squad on Jan. 22, 1978 as a special favour to her grandfather, the elder brother of King Khalid. Tradition, and the other members of the royal family, had wanted the couple to be stoned to death. The husband of the luckless princess also had to pay for his folly . . . he was beheaded.

Whether the Saudi Arabians realise it or not, another legend has been created. And like all such legends of love, and unlike the subjects they are based on, this legend too might prove to be a deathless one which will be repeated through ages to come.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

For whiteness that 'Glows'

Supreme *det* detergent washing cake

New improved Det Cake is the supreme detergent cake in the market.

For cleaning power. For lather. For fragrance. No other washing cake can match it!

Try it. And see the difference! Yes, it's Supreme Det Cake—for whiteness that 'Glows'!

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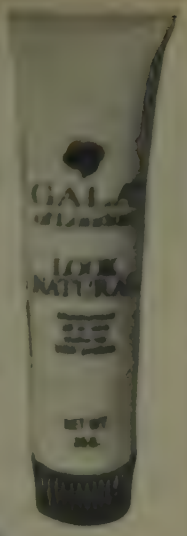
Unveil in moments your natural beauty in all its radiance — with LOOK NATURAL, the protein-rich complete make-up that keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Silky smooth, non-greasy LOOK NATURAL allows your skin to breathe freely... needs no powder.

Stay naturally beautiful always — stay with LOOK NATURAL the beauty secret of millions. Seven exciting shades to suit all complexions.



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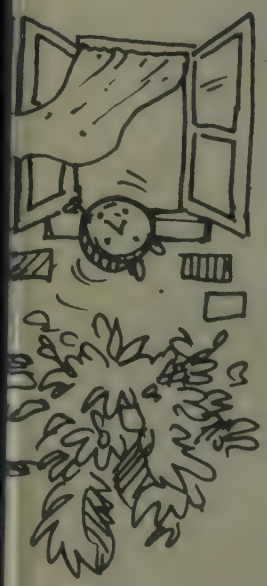


Q. Why did the silly boy throw the clock out of the window?

A. He wanted to see time fly.

Q. What is the best key to dinner?

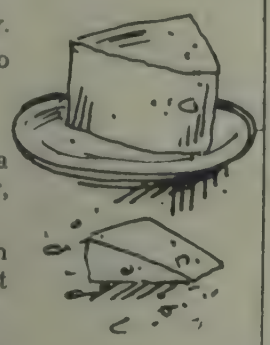
A. Turkey.

Q. If you were locked in a room with a bed and a calender, how would you live?

A. You could drink water from the springs in your bed and eat dates from the calender.

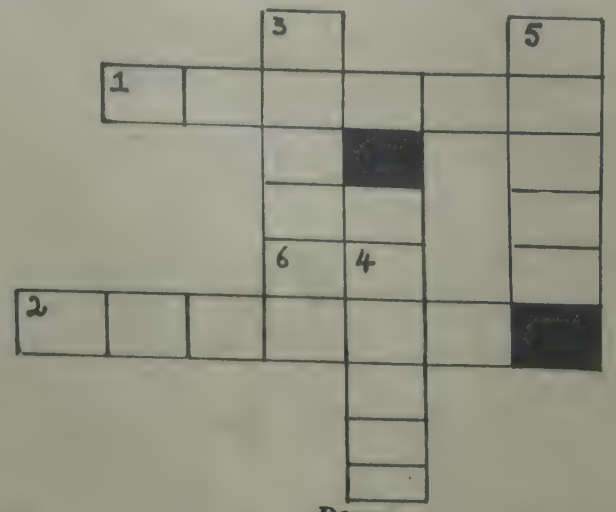
Q. If cheese comes after toast, what comes after cheese?

A. Mice.



MUSICAL CROSSWORD

Do you like to sing? And whistle? And dance? Then you must like music. Here are some clues to popular musical items. Guess them and do this crossword.



Across

1. Goodness me, it begins with a G! And has strings that are not made of cotton.

2. When you go to jail or do something better than anyone has ever done, then you get the name of this favourite. Begins with a R.

6. It is a short word for a song. It is also saying: "Not to do."

Down

3. You have to find the right key to play it. Begins with a P.

4. It has pedals just like a cycle. Is called the King of Musical Instruments and could even belong to your body. Begins with an O.

5. You beat it to play it. Begins with a D.

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk was eating lunch with the twins Akhil, Anil, and his good friend Mun Mun.

"Screech! Screech!" It was a parrot flying in the sky.

"Screech! Screech!" Another parrot flew over their heads.

"Is there a fruit tree here?" asked Akhil suddenly.

"Why?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"My father says where there are parrots there is a fruit tree," said Akhil.

"Let us go and see," said Anil.

"We can eat some fruit too!" said Omphy Momphy.

It was good fun. They walked out of school towards where they thought the parrots had flown.

"Will we be able to hear the bell ringing?" asked Mun Mun. "How will we know when it is time for class?"

"If we can hear the parrots so high in the sky, we can hear our school bell," said Omphy Momphy.

They walked and walked. Suddenly they saw a mango tree.

"A fruit tree!" they shouted. They stared at the big, green, leafy tree. Then they stared at the low wall between them and the fruit tree.

"It is not a high wall," said Omphy Momphy.

"No, it is not a high wall," they agreed.

Soon, they had all jumped over the wall. They stood under the big mango tree.

There was a bunch of green fruit hanging from a leaf covered branch.

"Green mangoes!" they said together.

"That is why we could not see them," said Anil.

"Maybe that is why we can't see the parrots too," said Omphy Momphy. "They are green in colour too."

But however hard they tried they could not spot any parrots. They decided to get the green mangoes instead. Akhil and Anil climbed up the tree and threw down mangoes for the rest of them to catch. Finally they sat under the tree and tried to eat the mangoes. They were raw, hard and sour to taste.

"Even the parrots did not want to eat these!" said Omphy Momphy laughing at the funny faces everyone was making as they ate the fruit.

When they had finished they made for school. They were late for class. When the teacher asked them why they were late Omphy Momphy told her that they thought that like the parrots' screeches so high in the sky they could hear the bell ringing too. But they had not.

"Why teacher?" asked Omphy Momphy.

"Because," said the teacher, "the bell does not ring right above your heads like the parrots' screeches do."

"Oh!" said Omphy Momphy. "OH!" said Mun Mun and the twins.

"And where were you all this time?" asked the teacher.

"Following a parrot," said Omphy Momphy and much to everyone's delight he told them the story about the mango and the parrots and the unripe fruit they had eaten.

They all heard the story and the teacher forgot to punish them. Although the teacher did say later, "Well I hope you do not get a tummy pain for all your efforts. . .raw fruit is not good for the stomach."

Which did turn out to be quite true. The next day all of them had stomach pains, but since all of them were sick together, it was not so bad!

ANSWERS
Musical Crossword
Across: 1. Guitar. 2. Record. 6. No. (Number). Down: 3. Piano Organ. 5. Drum.

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Complete complexion care—Lakmé Calamine!

Smooth and glowing

Three exquisite shades

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Lakmé

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

HOW WAS YOUR GOLF GAME, EMILY?
WONDERFUL!
THE PRO SHOP WAS HAVING A SALE!....I SAVED 69¢ ON THREE PAIRS OF SOCKS -
THEIR $15 SHIRTS WERE MARKED DOWN TO $12.89 - SO I SAVED $4.22 ON TWO OF THEM!
THEN I GOT A LOVELY SCARF FOR $5.95 AND A SKIRT AT HALF PRICE SO ALTOGETHER I SAVED EXACTLY $17.83!
BUT HOW WAS YOUR SCORE?
MY SCORE?
WHO KNOWS? I WAS NEVER VERY GOOD AT FIGURES -
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HAHA world of laughter

Sherlock Holmes went up to heaven. Saint Peter said, "What's your claim?"

"I claim to be the world's greatest detective," said Holmes.

"Pass a test and you can stay in heaven," said St. Peter.

"What test?"

"There are millions of people here. If you can pick out Adam and Eve you win."

Holmes had no difficulty; they were the only ones without navels.

* * *

Generally, the salesman who sold a refrigerator to an Eskimo is considered to be the best salesman in the world. But that is a fallacy. There is a super salesman who sold a farmer with one cow, a milking machine that milks four cows at the same time. Having done so, he took the farmer's cow as a down-payment on the milking machine.

* * *

New Yorker (looking at Niagra Falls): "I bet you don't have anything like that in Texas."

Texan: "We don't, but we have a plumber in town who could fix that leak in ten minutes."

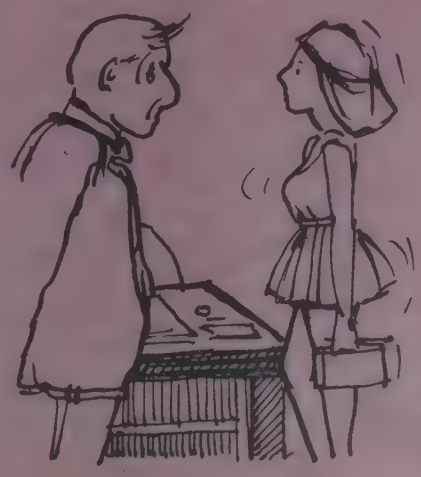
* * *

Bina bought a bikini and, wearing it, presented herself before her husband.

"How do you like my new bathing suit?" she asked.

* * *

The young waitress went to the Head Waiter and said,



"I'm not going to serve that cheeky devil over there."

"Why not?"

"Well, he asked me for French Salad and when I said, 'What's that?' he said, 'It's the same as any other salad, only you serve it without dressing."

* * *

Mrs. X: "My dear, I think your daughter recites remarkably well. Don't you?"

Mrs. Y: "Yes, all she needs is a short course in electrocution to finish her off, as you might say."

* * *

The boss, seeing his secretary arriving one morning in a very short mini dress:

"Miss Fernandes, don't make it any shorter. I'm a heart patient."

* * *

A husband brings home a monkey and two rabbits to the one room in which he and his wife live. She looks dismayed. "What will they eat?"

"The same food as we do," says the husband.

"Where will they sleep?"

"At the foot of the bed."

"What about the smell?" she protests.

"They'll get used to it," he answers. "I did."

* * *

Five-year-old Ramesh told his father: "Dad, I'm going to marry Kamal tomorrow."

The father held back his laughter and asked seriously: "Do you mean our neighbour's daughter? Why, she is only four years old. What are you going to do about children?"

"Oh, Kamal and I have agreed on that," explained Ramesh. "Everytime she lays an egg, we're going to step on it."

* * *

A dog-loving lady from Dover
Once said to her husband, "Move over."
When he asked her why
She said, feeling shy,
"I want to make room for dear Rover."

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

PART THREE

IF I DIE TOMORROW

Shashi Deshpande

THE STORY SO FAR

Guru is dying, but he stirs life in others in the college campus into a blaze of awareness, excitement and inquiry. Men and women living in the campus who seemed to be models of sedate respectability are now afraid that their masks will be torn off. The placid life on the campus is transformed into a storm of fear and suspicion. The tension this creates is almost tangible and everybody seems to be afraid of what somebody else may find out about him/her. Truth can be a dangerous, double-edged weapon.

NOW READ ON . . . .

I put the phone down and shivered in that small hall, dank with humidity and heat. But I had to wake up Vijay. I walked back to the bedroom, almost running in my haste, clumsy with my bulk. I began to shake Vijay. "Wake up, Vijay. Wake up." He rolled over on to his back and stared at me, his eyes open. He seemed to be coming back from a distance. "Vijay," my lips trembled, "Guru's dead."

He sat up abruptly. "Guru? Dead?"

I nodded.

"When?"

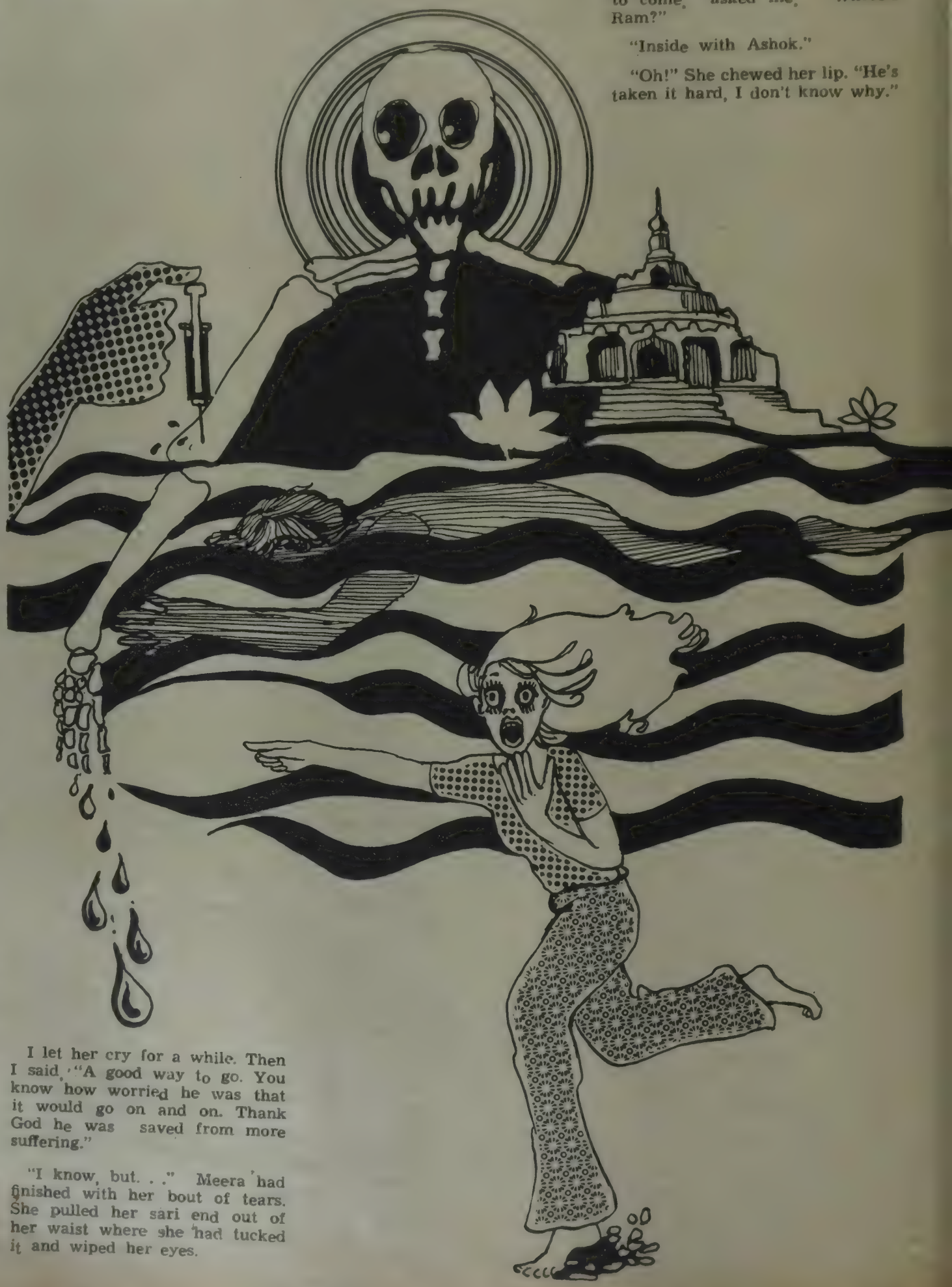
"In his sleep. Ashok rang up. He wants you there at once." There was a silence. Vijay had a strange look in his eyes. It was as if he was taking the news in. Then he spoke, "It was expected."

I felt a flare of anger within me. I controlled myself and said, "Ashok seemed urgent about wanting you."

"Okay." He flung back the blankets and got out of bed. "Just brush my teeth and go."

I began to make the bed. Suddenly I felt an onrush of grief. I won't cry, I thought, remembering the last time I had cried and Guru had comforted me. I went down to wake up Kamla and give her her instructions before going to Meera myself.

The house was quiet as if the inmates were only sleeping. Meera burst into tears as soon as she saw me. "Oh Manju, it was such a shock," she said, as she was to say to everyone. "Just imagine! He was perfectly well last night. Who could have thought. . ."



I let her cry for a while. Then I said, "A good way to go. You know how worried he was that it would go on and on. Thank God he was saved from more suffering."

"I know, but. . ." Meera had finished with her bout of tears. She pulled her sari end out of her waist where she had tucked it and wiped her eyes.

Sandhya and Sheela?' I ask ed

Still sleeping. They don't know as yet

"Shall I take them home? Kamla can look after them."

I woke them up and told them. Oh, the blessed matter-of-factness of children! They got ready and went off briskly. As they left, I heard Sandhya telling Sheela, "Now they'll take Guru uncle away and burn him."

We sat around and made uneasy conversation while we waited for Guru's elder brother to arrive from Pune. People kept coming in all the time. We had never realised how many friends Guru had made. Ashok had, oddly enough, locked himself into one of the rooms along with the Dean and Vijay. "What's going on?" Meera whispered to me. Her face, I noticed, was as peaceful as a child's after a bout of weeping. I envied her her child-like resilience. To our surprise, it was Vimla who seemed the most affected. Her eyes were red with weeping. Vidya, one of the last to come, asked me, "Where's Ram?"

"Inside with Ashok."

"Oh!" She chewed her lip. "He's taken it hard, I don't know why."

After they had taken Guru away I went home, on Meera's insistence. To my surprise, Vimla insisted on accompanying me. I knew somehow that it was not just solicitude on my account. It was something more. It soon came out. "Manju," Vimla said, looking away from me, nervously twisting her sari in her fingers, "you remember what Tony called me last night?"

"Oh," I laughed uneasily, "Tony said so many things last night."

She didn't smile back. Even at the best of times there was no humour in her. "He called me a liar," she stated flatly. "And he was right. I did lie. I was a nurse once. Let me tell you, Manju, you'll understand why I had to lie."

Why me? I know what will happen. If you confide in me now, you'll never be comfortable with me again. You won't want to see me again. But, seeing Vimla's face, I knew I couldn't stop her. Nothing would.

"I knew it would happen," her face looked tragic as she spoke. "Rumours. . . wherever we've gone, they've followed us. Even here. . . I was always afraid. That's why I kept the kids apart. Suppose someone talked to them? I couldn't stand that."

There was a long silence. She stared down at her hands. Suddenly, she looked up at me. "Tell me, Manju, what kind of a man was Guru?"

"Guru?" I was bewildered by the sudden switchover.

"Do you think he was a trouble maker? I shouldn't speak ill of him now, but. . . Who else could have let it all out?"

"Let what out, Vimla?"

"About us, Guru knew. I told him myself one day. He seemed so sympathetic and I was so tired of the burden. . ." Her eyes went down to her hands again. "It seems such an old story to plague us still! Sumant was married then. I was working in the same hospital. His wife was. . . no good for him. A pampered, only kid who never grew up. I felt sorry for him. We became friends. Perfectly innocent, I swear. And then she died. It was a perfectly natural death, but people began to talk. Specially when Sumant and I. . . Sumant and I. . . He was lonely, terribly lonely. People think he's reserved and self-sufficient. He's not. He needed me terribly. What could I do? We got married. And then I began to get anonymous letters saying. . . we had murdered his wife. We left that place and went abroad. We got three kids. It's 15 years now. But that story still dogs us. We can never leave the past behind us. It follows us everywhere."

The word MURDER is fearful anywhere, but in the placid campus atmosphere it is traumatic, and ugly stories make their rounds

There was a prickling of sweat on her forehead and upper lip, though we were sitting right under the fan. I felt desperately sorry for her.

"But Guru. . .?" I asked hesitantly.

"Don't you see? He knew about it. No one else did. But lately I felt people were looking at us queerly. And there were hints. And how did Tony know I was a nurse? Guru. . . perhaps he told. He was always telling me, 'You can't run away forever, Vimla. You know you're innocent. Then why panic? Let the children hear from you, not others."

Yes, that was Guru.

"Let the children know?" Vimla looked fierce. "No, never, I'd do anything to prevent that."

There was no comfort I could give her. She left soon after, a painful embarrassment coming between after these revelations.

Revelations! There were worse to come before that day ended. We were at dinner when Ashok came in impetuously. He called Vijay out without a word to me. I felt a prickling of apprehension which was intensified when Vijay entered alone with an odd expression on his face.

"What is it?"

He gave me a level, considering look. "It's Guru," he said. "Ashok thinks there's something not right about his death."

"Not right?" I asked stupidly.

"He says. . . the idea is so preposterous that I feel a fool even to put it into words. . . that he doesn't believe Guru died naturally."

I still couldn't grasp it. "But he had cancer, hadn't he?"

Vijay leaned forward, his face gentle. "Manju, I don't think this is going to end here. Don't get upset. Ashok seems sure something is wrong. He wanted an autopsy on Guru actually. . ."

"But why?" I must have seemed enormously dense and slow to Vijay.

But he explained, still patient. "He thinks Guru was given something that caused his death."

Now it penetrated. "But that would be murder!'

It was a word I've never used before. A word that belonged to books and newspapers. Not to real life. But once I'd used it, it became ominously familiar.

"I don't believe it myself. I can't imagine how Ashok got the idea into his head. The Dean, Shyam and I had a job dissuading him from an autopsy in the morning. Now, he says he shouldn't have given in. I agree. If nothing else, it would have proved him wrong."

"But Vijay," my voice came out a croak, "there must be something. . . Some reason for him to think that way."

"Reason? A man needs no reason for believing what he wants to believe. Guru was fine, he says, last night. No reason to go off like that."

"There must be something else," I insisted stubbornly.

"Something else?" Vijay looked grim. "Yes, there's Tony. That's what Ashok came to tell me just now. Tony says he knows someone did Guru in. He went to Ashok's after the funeral. I wasn't there. I had to go to the hospital. Ashok tells me Tony created a scene. He practically accused one of us of killing Guru."

"But Vijay," there was a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Who would want to kill Guru? Who could have done such a thing?"

Vijay smiled a frosty smile. "I don't know about the second question. I can answer your first one. Plenty. Who wanted to kill him, I mean. Sometimes I myself," the smile became a grimace, "wished him dead."

"No! No!" But looking at his face, I knew he wasn't joking.

"Well," he shrugged, "let's hope this doesn't get round too much."

What a vain hope that was! In a short while, it was all over the campus. Rumours floated over us, light as thistledown, but suffocating us all the same. There was the day I had gone to Gautam for a check-up and found him not in.

"He'll be back soon," Sister Kumar assured me.

"I'll wait," I told her. "You can go back to what you were doing."

But that wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to talk. Soon the conversation turned to Dr. Kulkarni. Later I realised she had adroitly steered it that way. Poor man, I wonder if he feels sorry for what he did," she said.

"What was that?" I couldn't avoid the question, though I knew I had been led up to it.

"Why, I thought everyone knew about it, Mrs. Paranjape! About the way he treated that poor man, Dr. Prabhu's cousin . . .the one who died recently. I was there and heard him myself. Dr. Kulkarni, I mean. My, was he mad! 'I won't stand for interference, I tell you,' he was shouting. 'And who are you to talk that way to me?' I wondered whom he was shouting at. Then he came out, Dr. Prabhu's cousin, I mean. Is it true, there's something funny about his death?"

The story about Vimla and Sumant too had suddenly burst open. Everyone seemed to know, God knows how. Sumant, we could see, was trying to keep up a normal facade. But Vimla had turned into a hunted animal. She was rarely seen out of the house.

"I tried to talk to her once," Sunita told me, "and she snapped at me. . . like a cornered animal."

Sunita herself had a tense and brittle look these days. She had become a chain smoker and there were dark circles, almost like bruises, under her eyes. There were strange rumours hinting at a foundering of the Puris' marriage and linking this with Guru's death. But both Shyam and Sunita kept a resolute silence.

But these were all just stories I heard in varying degrees of distaste and disbelief. And shrugged off. I couldn't do the same when the shadows fell over us. Not that anyone spoke. It was the way they avoided our eyes. The way Meera, normally as candid as a child, was now with me, subdued and restrained. The way Ashok and Meera, our closest friends, had stopped visiting us or inviting us. Above all, the way Vijay looked. What was it that had changed him into this silent and morose man? I couldn't ask. His face kept questions at bay. And now, there was no Sonu to act as a buffer between us. I had sent her away to my mother's.

It was time for the rains to break. Day after day, dark and brooding clouds hung over us stifling the atmosphere, but the rains did not come. Vijay had taken to coming home later these days, and that evening, I could bear the house no longer. I went out, wandering about in a desultory manner. It was near the football ground that I saw Tony.

Continued on page 23

HEADING FOR COMPLIMENTS

"I try to create styles that flatter not only the face of a woman but her personality as well," says Kazuo Ogawa, a young and dashing Japanese hairstylist-cum-beautician. He was recently in Bombay and gave crowded demonstrations at "Kaechelle" beauty parlour.

"The trend in Japan is towards short or semi short hairstyles . . . blow dried. Excessive back-combing and lacquer are out, so are rollers. The traditional hairdo's are not severe either but softly styled. I prefer styling on long hair but unfortunately this does not suit the Japanese women. Long hair is not practical for working girls . . . so easy-to-manage styles that need no setting are best for them," Kazuo added.

Talking about Indian women he said that they use a lot of hair accessories — the result is more attention is drawn to these than the styles themselves.

Kazuo runs two popular beauty-cum-hairdressing salons in Tokyo — one of them is managed by his wife.

We have featured here a few styles from his wide range that go with the saree as well as dress. Despite periodic trends favouring closely cropped hair, the feminine styles — gentle curving, cascading, swirling — are the current rage in Japan. Why not give them a try?

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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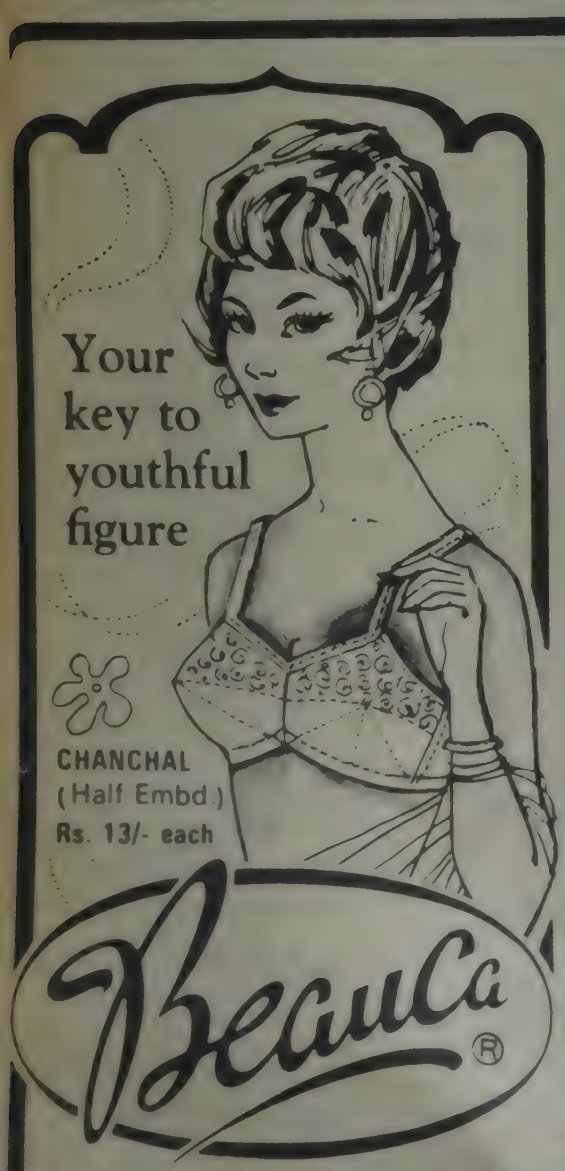

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IF I DIE TOMORROW

Continued from page 19

Some boys were kicking the ball about, and Tony sat there on the railings watching them. Hands in pockets, hair blowing straight back with the breeze, he looked somehow lonely and forlorn. On an impulse, I walked to him. "Hi, Tony." He turned round with his usual smile. "Look at that fellow, Manju. He's good. The others. . ."

We stood in a companionable silence for a while. Then he said, "Let's sit on the grass here. Take your weight off your feet. Some considerable weight now, eh?"

I sat down thankfully, while Tony went on, "Sometimes I wonder if things would have gone better between Cyn and me if we'd had a kid."

I was silent. Tony was thinking aloud. "Guru. . . he tried to help us, but it was no use somehow. Cyn didn't like him. Interfering idiot, she called him. Not fair, I thought. He wanted to help."

"I'm sorry, Tony. I didn't know Cynthia and you had a problem."

"Problem?" He stared straight ahead, his eyes narrowed, a frown on his face. "So little really for two persons who want to make a good life together. But without kids, we didn't seem to have the heart somehow. We got along fine at first, Cyn and I. We had our jobs, and that was that! Later, she began to look down upon me. As if I was a brainless idiot. But then. . ."

He sighed heavily. "Oh well, I don't know! Sometimes I think I should go away. It's no good for me, this life. I have two old parents, you know, in Goa. They'd love to have me back. It's like a

By the time he had finished it was dark. "Is that all?" I asked. "But there's no proof."

"I'm getting it. Just wait a bit, Manju, you'll see. And Cyn, too. She'll realise Tony isn't such a dolt as she thinks he is. I'm going to see that the bloody person who did it to Guru doesn't get away."

I tried hard to make him tell me what was in his mind. If only he had! But who can look into the future? I left him there, full of plans, gleeful as a child at the here? I felt as if I had stumbled on something dirty and began to hurry. Suddenly I felt myself collide with someone. I gasped, my heart lurching into my mouth. I caught hold of an arm "Mriga!" I almost sobbed in my relief.

"You saw them? You saw them?" Her eyes gleamed in the dark. I could sense that she was on the brink of hysteria. She clutched me tightly while she went on. "I saw them. I followed him. And her. I saw them..." She choked, hiccupped and laughed.

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I shook her wildly. "Mriga, calm yourself, Mriga. Come on, let's go home."

"Home?" She wrenched herself free. "Yes, I'll go home and bring her here. My mother. I'll show her. Let her see him, what he's doing. 'Your father, your father.' Let her see my father now!"

She almost spat the words out. I tried to hold on to her. But she twisted away from me and fled. I was left there, listening to the stumbling footsteps crunching on the dry leaves. And, desperately, I felt I had to get away myself. I felt myself surrounded by malignant shapes. I walked home fast and reached, drenched in my own sweat.

Vijay saw me. "What is it Manju? What is it?"

His voice came from a distance. I sank into a chair. I could not speak. He made me go to bed and brought me some hot milk. He sat by me as I drank. And then, I knew I had to say it, though it would destroy the new gentleness in him. "You must tell me, Vijay. About Prabhakar Tambe."

"Prabhakar Tambe?" He stared at me, the glass in his hands. "Who's been talking to you? Who? Tony?"

"Tony didn't. . . he didn't. . ." I stammered, frightened by his face

"Didn't what? The drunken idiot. The damn fool. He's asking for trouble. What has he been saying? What?"

His face hung over mine, magnified, distorted. He took off his glasses, and his eyes looked opaque. I shook off my fear and with a fury equalling his own turned on him. "He told me nothing. You have to tell me. You."

The only reply was a slam of the door. I turned my face into my pillow, feeling drained out, unable even to weep. He hadn't believed me. But it was true. Tony had told me nothing. Not about Vijay and Prabhakar Tambe, anyway. "It's for Vijay to tell you that," he had said.

In the middle of the night, the rains broke. It came down like a thunderbolt, pounding the roof in a drumming frenzy. Vijay came in drenched. The next thing I knew was someone screaming. I got up with a start. The bed beside mine was empty. And the screaming was real. It went on like a fearful siren. I stumbled downstairs, clutching my gown round me. Vijay and Vidya were supporting Mriga into the house. They put her on the sofa. Her eyes were wide open, full of some horror. So was her mouth, though she was not screaming now.

"What is it?" I asked fearfully.

It was Mriga who replied. "Tony uncle. . . he's dead. He's floating in the tank near the temple." And she burst into loud uncontrolled sobs that were a relief after those screams.

TO BE CONTINUED

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the third of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win A Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3 and 10, 1977.

Another new range of your go-everyday, exciting mix and match fashions. A complete wardrobe of fashions, all in go-together fabrics that let you mix and match them in any number of great combinations. Fascinating fashions in the latest salwar-kameez or a gaucho skirt and top, add up to a super set — from tiny tots to teenagers! All these fabulous fashions are here for you to admire, for you may be the lucky winner of these marvellous range of outfits.

TT : Mothers' delight! All set a party, the young gentleman in light blue safari suit and the etty little Miss wears a red wool- blouse with blue gaberdine rt which has delicate embroidery it.

OVE LEFT : Stop and look! The est trend in salwar-kameez. Yel- and brown floral printed salwar chuni is set-off by plain brown neez — the "in" thing now for ege goers.

and black can never get old. ted silk saree with a matching se will always be right for any asion.

ABOVE : For a formal evening, a red chinnon pleated dress, with billowy organza sleeves sets the evening right. Embroidered jacket highlights the beautiful outfit.

RIGHT : For the young Miss. Red checked gauchos with a matching red spun blouse and neck scarf completes the total look.

Photographs : Harbans Mody

POSSIBILITIES FOR INVOLVEMENT

Shakuntala Balu

Continuing our series on women's social service organisations in our cities, we give here the names and activities of those in Bangalore

Bangalore was one of the earliest cities in South India to start recognised women's institutions, clubs and samajas, during the first quarter of this century which made the orthodox and traditional South consider Bangalore women as 'forward.' Cosmopolitan Bangalore, the seat of the military cantonment and home of British settlers, had always been a busy nest of club life and social activities.

At a time when Indian parents felt reluctant to send their girls even to play games, women's sports in general and tennis in particular got good encouragement from the **Mahila Seva Samaj**, one of the oldest institutions of Bangalore famed for its tennis courts and tournaments. Even today, it is remarkable how the Samaj helps young women players from modest homes to achieve national honours at nominal membership and subscription charges. The Mahila Seva Samaj also runs a girls' school, the large auditorium of which is used for a variety of cultural programmes organised by women's organisations. The Samaj's future plans include improvement of the tennis courts and playgrounds and encouraging upcoming talent in expensive games like tennis.

The **Stree Sangha** in Basavangudi is another women's organisation which pays considerable attention to sports and recreational activities of Eves. The Sangha had its genesis in the strong feeling in women that sports are not the prerogative of man alone! When men go to their exclusive men's clubs, women should have a place of their own too, as a change from the home environment and to be away from domestic problems. In bygone days, when careers for women were not common, associations like the Stree Sangha were welcome outlets for home-bound women to cater to women's need for relaxation and change. The Sangha's badminton team has won national championships many times. Today many young girls frequent the Sangha to practise table-tennis or badminton, play other indoor games or read books and magazines. The Sangha also runs a clinic and dispensary for poor people as a social service project, and it plans to extend its activities in this respect.

The **Malleswaram Ladies' Association** celebrated its golden jubilee this year. Old associations like this had to do a lot of spade work to fight the tradition that women should be confined to their homes, that girls should not have higher education, etc. The **Bangalore Ladies Club** (Infantry Road) is yet another reputed women's service club of the city. The **Mahila Mandali** of N. R. Colony in Bangalore, which celebrated its silver jubilee last month, owns a building worth about three lakhs of rupees constructed by enterprising members with the help of donations. It runs a school and a number of tailoring, crafts, music, dance, etc. classes.

RURAL PROJECT

The Dakshina Bharat Mahila Sangha, which is nearly 15 years old, has concentrated on rural welfare projects in the villages of Kadugodi and Kondaspur, where they run schools, craft classes, adult literacy programmes and a creche for labourers' children. In 1978, the Sangha proposes to start a vocational training programme for 50 women giving half yearly stipends for the needy among them. In addition to these classes, weaving, book binding, block printing and batik will also be taught to the trainees.

Sri Akkamahadevi Seva Samaj, founded 40 years back, made a beginning with religious discourses. Now it has a variety of activities. It owns buildings for its destitute homes, runs an orphanage and also provides assistance to economically backward girls. The inmates are given training in crafts, fine arts, weaving, tailoring, etc. It also runs a commerce institute. The Samaj is happy to see many of the old inmates in good positions, some working as doctors and lecturers. It has already two buildings, and its major project for 1978 is completion of a building for the Destitute Home.

Jagrita Mahila is Bangalore's most progressive women's organisation — alert to the current problems of women. This women's association which works in coordination with other women's organisations, is interested in making women aware of their rights and fight for them. It wants to infuse courage into young girls and help them to learn self-defence measures. It is also actively associated with the consumer movement and has several programmes lined up for fighting food adulteration, unfair pricing policies and use of false weights and measures.

There are also a few women's co-operatives like **Mahila Karmikara Sangha** which provide consumers with qualitative goods at competitive rates. Some of them stock goods with an eye to nutrition, like hand-pound rice. They want to awaken public interest in nutritive foods so that they can introduce more such products for sale.

Women's Associations like the **Rajalakshmi Mahila Co-operative Association** have useful projects like collecting funds and donating a gold mangala sutra and a Kanjeevaram sari every year to a bride. They would like help celebrate the weddings of more girls and sc intend augmenting funds for the project.

HELP FOR CYCLONE VICTIMS

Women's wings of Service Clubs like **Rotary, Lions, Jaycees, Round Table** and others have their special projects which comprise organising nursery schools and adult literacy projects, free clinics, health camps and fund raising for special causes. Now most of them are engaged in collecting money, clothes and medicine for the Andhra cyclone victims and want to do their best for this cause during 1978.

In addition, the **Rotary Inner Wheel South** has proposed to set up a medical check-up camp in a village near Banashankari. On World Inner Wheel Day (January 10) they organised a blood donation programme.

The Bangalore North Ladies Circle No. 14, wants to augment its social service programme in Amruthahalli village. Their plans include starting a creche with assistance from the Karnataka State Council for Child Welfare. They also plan to adopt another village in 1978 and start a school and clinic there.

The **Lion Ladies' Auxuliary of Bangalore** aims to promote fellowship among Lion Ladies and avoid duplication of efforts in serving the needy. A recent successful programme was the celebration of mass marriages to help the weaker sections of the society. Fifteen couples were joined in wedlock. The **Bangalore City Lions' Club** ladies also conducted eye and dental clinics. The **Shanthinagar Lionaides** have a consumer service unit selling eggs, cereals, etc. at controlled prices and on a no profit basis. Some of the clubs have adopted villages for service activities, some conduct mass immunisation camps, nutrition programmes and also collect funds to equip schools and community kitchens. The Lion Ladies want to continue such service activities during 1978.

The **International Women's Group** arranges an annual Charity Bazaar in December to help various social service associations collect funds for their project. They also donate money to charity from their gate collections.

The Social Service Volunteers (S.S.V.) is another ladies' group which raises money and donates to several causes. They also run a gift shop.

The **Catholic Women's League** conducts seminars and service activities to arouse the women's interest in various problems and make them alive to their rights. Helping the poor, health schemes and family planning campaigns are their particular interests. **Bazm-e-Niswan** is an association devoted to the uplift of downtrodden women and as such their projects are all for the poor slum women. They run tailoring classes and other classes for nominal fees at three different areas, besides giving free scholarships to 20 students. Though the majority are Muslim members, they have non-Muslim members also. They have now launched an intensive drive to collect funds for the Andhra cyclone victims. The UWA **(University Women's Association)** is concentrating in 1978 on completing its prestigeous hostel building and shifting the working women's hostel to the new premises.

RIGHT TO SPIRITUALITY

Talking to some of the women's groups revealed another facet—a minor war that women have to wage, not for education or social recognition but to get psychological freedom to pursue chosen spiritual paths. They often get disillusioned when they find that here too, they have to adjust to the views of the men of the family. They cannot go to any guru, any temple or even attend lectures/discourses of their choice. They have to have their husbands' approval! Shri Shiva Bala Yogi Guru Maharaj remarked, "The western women are more free to follow chosen spiritual paths. They are able to get away from their distant

homes in different parts of the world and spend months in ashrams and then return to their homes. Their Indian counterparts are not able even to go out for a few hours like this. When the women alone goes to a guru for a few hours of peace, this solace is shattered the moment she returns home if the family (or the husband) do not see eye to eye with the choice of her ashram."

This attitude has made many Eves organise their own mini-spiritual gatherings in different localities so that they could do the things they like in the afternoons. These groups conduct classes for recitation of Sanskrit slokas, and recitation of bhajans and arrange lectures by gurus and learned pundits.

Many areas of Bangalore like Jayanagar, Malleswaram, N. R. Colony, Indira Nagar, etc. are dotted with such classes with good singers teaching them to recite Sanskrit verses and bhajans of Meera, Kabir and Purandara Dasa. Such classes and study groups for women are also conducted by the women's wing of the Chinmaya Mission, the Sri Sathya Sai Mahila Vibhag and other religious organizations.

ADDRESSES OF SOME OF THE WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

1. Mahila Seva Samaj, Shankarapuram, Bangalore-560 004.
2. Basavangudi Stree Sangha, Gandhi Bazaar, Basavangudi, Bangalore-560 004.
3. Dakshina Bharat Mahila Sangha, C/o Women's Peace League, Vani Vilas Road, Bangalore-560 004.
4. Malleswaram Ladies' Association, 15th Cross, Bangalore-560 003.
5. Catholic Women's League, 6, Langford Gardens, Bangalore-560 025.
6. Y.W.C.A. Guest House, 86, Infantry Road, Bangalore-560 001.
7. Bazm-e-Niswan, 3, Berlie Street, Langford Town, Bangalore-560 025.
8. Ashaktha Poshaka Sabha (runs a women's old age home and an orphanage) V. V. Puram, Bangalore-560 004.
9. Inner Wheel Clubs, C/o Rotary House of Friendship, Lavelle Road, Bangalore.
10. Lion Ladies' Auxiliary, C/o. Ladies' Club, Infantry Road, Bangalore-560 001.
11. Jagrita Mahila, C/o. M. R. Lakshamma, 9, Karnic Road, Bangalore-560 004.
12. University Women's Association, 9, Madras Bank Road, Bangalore-560 001.
13. Mahila Mandali, N. R. Colony, Bangalore-560 019.
14. International Women's Group, C/o. Bangalore Club, Residency Road, Bangalore.
15. S. S. V., C/o. S. S. V. Gift Shop, Museum Road, Bangalore.
16. All India Women's Conference (Bangalore Branch), 170, Vasavi Temple Road, V. V. Puram, Bangalore-560 004.
17. Little Sisters of the Poor Home for the Aged, Hosur Road, Bangalore-560 025.
18. Jayanagar Ladies' Club, 21, 7th Main, 4th West Block, Bangalore-560 011.
19. Jayamahal Ladies' Association, 11, Jayamahal, Bangalore-560 046.
20. Sri Akkamahadevi Seva Samaja, 19, Akkipet, Bangalore-560 053.
21. Tamil Sangam, Ladies' Wing, Annasami Mudaliar Street, Bangalore.
22. Malleswaram Enterprising Ladies Association (MEWS), 6th Main Road, Malleswaram, Bangalore.
23. Bharat Stree Samaj, Shantinagar, Bangalore-560 027.
24. Young Women's Mandyam Association, Rajajinagar, Bangalore.
25. Altrusa, 32-C, Jayamahal Extension, Bangalore-560 046.

As the presidents and secretaries change from time to time, the above organisations could be addressed directly.

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AFRAID TO LOSE HIM

FRUSTRATED HUSBAND

I am a Christian, aged 45. I have been married for 15 years. Some time back I saw my wife in bed with another man. As I love her deeply, I pardoned her, but she repeated this. I am very frustrated and just cannot forgive her now. I have feelings for a 24-year-old Hindu girl. Should I divorce my wife and marry her?

There may be some reason why your wife is behaving the way she does. It is best to communicate with her and find out. Is there any difficulty in sexual adjustment in your marriage? Think seriously and see what fulfilment she needs. This may help to save your marriage. Try and make efforts to make your marriage work, if possible, through a good marriage counsellor.

If in spite of your efforts to win her back she continues the way she is, and if there are no children, perhaps both of you could mutually get a divorce if that is permitted by your religion.

As regards marrying the young girl, you should not decide in haste or do so only to seek vengeance on your wife. This type of decision is no solution to your deeper problem. Since the age difference is very pronounced, you need to find out if both of you are really suited to each other and will be able to adjust in marriage.

TELL HIM THE TRUTH

I am a 23-year-old divorcee, I was married at the age of 16 without my consent and I have a child of four. I am working and studying. Recently I came in contact with one of my classmates who is 25 years old. He does not know that I am divorcee and have a child. Whenever I meet him I feel restless and sad. I want to tell him everything, but I am afraid I will lose him. He too has feelings for me.

You are very young and being a divorcee need not go against you as times have changed. Since marriage is not the only purpose in knowing this boy, but the need for good companionship too, it is best you tell him all about yourself.

If he really loves you or regards you as a good friend, he will appreciate your honesty and may develop a deeper sentiment. Besides, this could be a good test to find out his reactions. He may turn out to be a prospective partner in marriage for you.

If however, he gets upset after knowing the facts, it should not disturb you — breaking this friendship may give you a chance to mix with others. After getting involved emotionally, it will be extremely difficult to break off at a later stage. So tell him now and face facts — only then can both of you really know where you stand.

SHE IS CONFUSED

I am a girl of 19. I have two sisters but no brothers. The boy to whom my sister is engaged for the last four months comes to our house often and now he has fallen for me and I presume he is impressed by my sober qualities. Now he wants to marry me. My problem is that I cannot leave him as he is my first love. I also don't want to become an obstacle in the way of my sister. What should I do?

It is going to be rather difficult to break this news to your sister and for her to accept it. But it is better for this boy to decide now along with her, then regret after marriage.

You should find out the best means of communication with the right persons involved. Either he should speak to your sister or you should speak to your mother and sister and let them know about this development. Use the best approach.

Once your sister comes to know of this, let her decide how she wants to proceed. If she is bent on marrying him, and he gives in, you should not come in their way. If your sister and family members decide in your favour, then they could give him the chance to marry you.

Through communication and goodwill you can prevent embarrassment or hurt feelings. But this requires tactful handling.

KASHMIRI CUISINE

Shaila Gurnda Hatiangadi

For those who look upon cooking as a creative art and a constant challenge, preparing the delightful and delicious cuisine of Kashmire is an exciting experience indeed. The Kashmiris have developed many rich and varied dishes, influenced by exotic Mughal cookery, for which they are justly famous. The delicate combination of flavours, are characteristic of their beautiful valley. The spicing and other unusual ingredients which are used in preparing curries or pulaos are all available there to lend their natural flavour to the dish.

KAMARGAH

10 breast pieces of mutton with 2 ribs each
4 small cardamoms
1 tsp. aniseed
4 cloves
1" piece cinnamon
½ litre milk
125 grams besan
50 grams rice flour
Salt to taste
½ tsp. red chilli powder
A pinch of asafoetida
125 grams ghee

Tie the cardamoms, aniseeds, cloves and cinnamons in a piece of muslin and place them with the meat, milk and half a litre of water in a dekchi, on the fire. Boil for 30 minutes or more till the meat becomes tender and the liquid evaporates. While the meat is cooking, prepare a batter of besan and rice flour with a little water. Mix well till it acquires a light consistency. (To test the batter, drop a teaspoon of it into a cup of water. If the batter floats, the consistency is correct; if not beat again.). Add salt, red chillis and asafoetida to the batter and mix well. Dip the pieces of boiled meat in the batter and fry till they are golden.

PASANDA

1 kg. meat (ran or hind legs)
300 grams ghee or vegetable oil
6 cloves
2 medium onions (ground, optional)
6 cloves garlic (ground, optional)
150 grams curd
Salt to taste
1 tsp. dry ginger
2 tsps. coriander powder
1 tsp. red chilli powder
A pinch of asafoetida
2" piece ginger, ground
A pinch of saffron
1 tsp. rose water
A bunch of coriander leaves

Trim the meat, and carefully cut it into long, flat pieces (fillets about 2" wide and 4"-5" long). Beat gently with a meat mallet or heavy knife, so that the pieces are scored, though on one side only. These are pasandas.

Put ghee in a dekchi and add cloves and the pasandas (garlic and onions, if used). Cover and cook till the water from the meat has dried. Add curd, dry ginger, red chillis, asafoetida and ginger. Cover and cook till the meat has browned. Repeat this process, as in Roghan Josh Add 200 grams of water and cook till the meat is tender. Turn the pasan-

Photograph : Kamlesh Pansare

das over gently. Grind the saffron in rose water, and add it to the meat along with the garam masala. The pasandas should not have much gravy. If desired, fried potatoes, cut in half, may be added to the pasandas at the time of cooking. Garnish with coriander leaves when almost ready.

KOFTA

1 kg. mince (made from the ran or hind leg)
Salt to taste
1 tsp. red chilli powder
1 tsp. dry ginger
2 tbsps. coriander powder
2 tsps. cumminseed
2 tsps. garam masala
2" piece ginger (ground)
A bunch of coriander leaves
250 grams curd
2 tbsps. mustard oil
100 grams khoya
300 grams ghee or vegetable oil
4 cloves
A pinch of asafoetida
A pinch of saffron (ground in 1 tsp. rose water)

Mix well all the ingredients from salt to coriander leaves and two-thirds of the curd. Then blend the mustard oil with the meat, knead well and set aside for about one hour. Add khoya and knead again.

In a wide- mouthed dekchi, put in the ghee, the remaining curd, half a cup of water, cloves and asafoetida. While this simmers, roll the meat by hand, making each piece about three inches to four inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick. (The meat may be rolled by hand over a flat metal plate). Slip each piece carefully into the vessel, shaking the container from time to time to prevent the koftas from sticking to the bottom. This step is necessary as the meat will release some water. As it dries and the koftas begin to stick, add two to three tablespoons of water to the koftas and cover the vessel. Shake in a circular motion, so as to separate the koftas from each other. Carefully scrape the sediment from the vessel with a spatula. Repeat till the koftas are quite brown. Add about 300 grams of water and cover again. Cook for 20 minutes. When the gravy thickens, remove the vessel from the fire, and add rose water and saffron.

QALIA

1 kg. meat (chops and breast, with ribs in each)
250 grams, ghee or vegetable oil
Salt to taste
A pinch of asafoetida
200 grams curds
4 cloves
1 tsp. red chilli powder
2" piece ginger (ground)
1 tsp. dry ginger
1 heaped tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. aniseeds
250 grams turnips or potatoes
2 tsps. garam masala
1 tsp. sugar
A bunch of coriander leaves, finely chopped

Put in the ghee, salt, asafoetida, curd, cloves, red chillis, ginger and dry ginger in a heavy-bottomed dekchi, and cook as you would Roghan Josn. When the meat is well fried, add the turmeric and turn it a few times. Add water and allow to simmer.

Put the aniseeds in a small muslin bag and place the bag in the vessel with the meat. Add turnips or potatoes, peeled and cut in four. Pour in 300 grams of water and cook till the meat is tender. Then add garam masala and sugar, together with coriander (The gravy should be thin, but not watery).

BHUNE GOSHT KA PULAO

1 kg. meat (dast or front leg)
300 grams ghee or vegetable oil
275 grams curd
Salt to taste
4 cloves
A pinch of asafoetida
1 tsp. dry ginger
1 tsp. red chilli powder (preferably roghni)
2 tsps. garam masala
2" piece ginger (ground)
1 tsp. sugar
1" piece cinnamon
100 grams khoya
50 grams almonds (soaked and skinned)
10 small cardamoms
25 grams raisins
½ tsp. shahjeera
1 tsp. rose water
A pinch of saffron
1 kg. Basmati rice

Cook the meat as for Roghan Josh. Add one-one-fourth times the volume of water(i.e one cup of soaked rice to one-one-fourth cups of water), bring the cooked meat and water to boil, and add the rice and remaining ingredients. If preferred, make the rice first with the masala and, when nearly done, arrange alternate layers of meat and rice in another vessel, and place over a charcoal fire, covering the lid with live charcoal.

MURGH MUSSALLAM

1 kg. chicken (dressed)
50 grams Basmati rice
1 tsp. dry ginger powder
2" piece ginger
8 peppercorns
6 cloves garlic
3 medium onions
2 tsps. garam masala
1 tsp. sugar
250 grams curd
1 tsp. khushkhush
Salt and red chilli powder to taste
250 grams ghee or vegetable oil
A pinch of asafoetida
15 grams almonds
25 grams raisins
15 grams chironji
100 grams khoya

Soak the rice in water for an hour and grind together all the ingredients, except salt and red chillis, asafoetida, almonds, raisins, chironji and khoya, with a little curd. Now fork the chicken and smear it with the remaining curd and the ground masalas.

Heat 50 grams of ghee and fry the strained rice for three to four minutes, stirring all the time. Add salt, red chillis, asafoetida, almonds, raisins, chironji and khoya. Pour in a cup of water and cook the rice till it is half done. Stuff the chicken with this mixture and tie securely with a thread to prevent the ingredients from spilling out. Place the chicken in a dekchi with the remaining ghee and half a cup of water, over a charcoal fire, covering the lid with live charcoal. Cook till the water is absorbed and the meat, tender.

Cookery Queen Of The Month

Mrs. Chitra Lekha Sinha, of Calcutta wins, Rs. 100 plus Sapphire, non-stick, scratch resistant, 315 mm Tava from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

SHAHI PANEER BIRYANI

200 grams paneer
½" piece fresh ginger, chopped finely
½ cup gram flour (besan)
2 green chillis, chopped finely
Salt to taste

RICE :

2½ cups fine rice
½" piece fresh ginger, finely chopped
2 large onions, potatoes, chopped
½ cup curd
¾ cup ghee
6 cloves garlic, ground
Salt to taste
4 bay leaves

MASALA POWDERED :

8 cloves
10 cardamoms
2" piece cinnamon
2 tsps. coriander

Knead paneer. Roast gram flour to a golden brown. Mix with the rest of the ingredients. Make small balls and fry in ghee till golden brown.

Wash and drain rice, heat ghee and fry potatoes crisply and to golden brown. Keep aside. Fry onions brown, keep half aside for garnishing later. Put bay leaves, fry for two minutes, add rice, powdered masala and curd. Cover and cook till rice is tender. Steam the rice gently after putting the paneer balls. Serve hot garnished with fried potatoes, and crisp onions.

MACHHLI KHATTI (SOUR FISH)

1 kg. fish (rohu or tingra)
250 grams ghee, vegetable or mustard oil
A pinch of asafoetida
Salt to taste
1" piece ginger (crushed)
¼ tsp. cumminseed
100 grams curd
1 tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. coriander powder
2 tsp. garam masala
2 tsps. amchur
A bunch of coriander leaves, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped

Remove its head and tail and cut the fish, lengthwise into two pieces. Remove intestines, etc., wash and clean. Scald the two pieces by plunging them in boiling water for two minutes. Drain, remove skin, cut into two inches pieces and deep fry in ghee or oil till golden brown.

Set aside the fried fish and fry the asafoetida, ginger, cumminseeds and curd in the remaining ghee till reddish brown. Now add turmeric powder and the fish and half a cup of water and simmer on low heat till tender. Then add coriander, garam masala, amchur, coriander and green chillis and cook for another few minutes.

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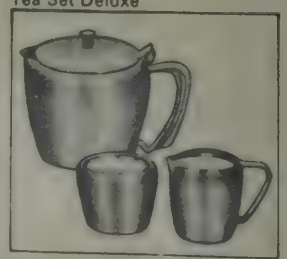

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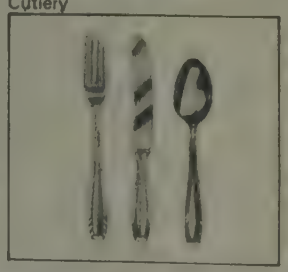

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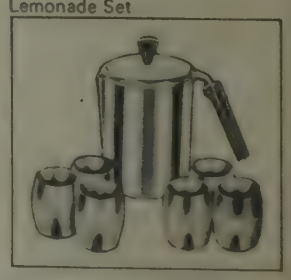

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Bhanu D. Kapadia, Calcutta.

MASALA VADA

½ kg. channa dal
2 bunch coriander leaves
6 small onions
3 curry leaves
1" piece ginger
3-4 green chillis
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Clean the dal and keep it soaked in water for four to five hours. Grind the dal very finely. Slice the coriander leaves, onions, curry leaves, ginger and chillis very finely and mix them with the dal. Add salt and mix well. Apply some water to your hand and take some of the mixed dal on to it. Make it into the shape of a vada and fry it in oil. Serve hot with Madrasi chutney.

Mrs. Radha Srinivasan, Bhavnagar.

TOMATO DHOSAH

350 grams rice
1½ kg. red tomatoes
A small piece ginger
2 tsps. black gram
Salt to taste
Oil to fry

Soak the rice and the black gram in cold water for about two hours. Clean the rice and squeeze out the water. Wash the tomatoes and cut them into pieces. Add these tomatoes with the (soaked and filtered) rice, gram and ginger. Grind the mixture to a smooth paste. Add salt to taste. Collect the ground flour in a steel container. Add salt to taste.

Heat a hot plate. (If the ground flour is very thick, add a little water), pour this dough over the hot plate. Spread it uniformly to get a round shape. Fry with oil. Turn over and fry the other side with oil. Place it in a plate. Make the other dhosahs in the same way. Serve with onion chutney.

ONION CHUTNEY

5 large onions
5-6 dried chillis
2 tbsps. gram dal
2 tbsps. black gram
Salt and tamarind to taste

Cut the onions into pieces. Heat oil in a pan. Add gram dal and black gram. Fry them until golden brown, add dried chillis and collect these fried things in a plate and leave the oil in the pan. Now add the onion pieces and fry them well.

Grind the above mixture with tamarind and salt to a thick paste.

Mrs. A. Solomon, Secunderabad.

TOMATO RASAM (PEPPER WATER)

1 kg. red tomatoes
1 tbsp. chilli powder (level)
1 tsp. pepper powder
¼ tsp. saffron powder
2 tsp. mustard seeds
2 pods garlic
1 bunch curry leaves
Salt to taste
FOR BAGHAR :
1 tbsp. ghee or oil
1 onion and few curry leaves

Wash and cut the tomatoes and put it in a dekchi, adding two cups of water. Grind roughly the garlic and mustard seeds and add it to the tomatoes along with the chilli, saffron and pepper powder. Put to boil until the tomatoes are cooked. Put off the fire and allow to cool for 10 minutes. Strain through a rasam strainer, add water according to thickness needed. Add salt and half the curry leaves to the rasam and put it again to boil for five minutes.

Heat ghee in another dekchi. Add the curry leaves and onion and fry until brown. Pour in the rasam.

Mrs. Kaushi N. Bhatia, Bombay.

JELLY AND ORANGE CREAM

½ packet orange jelly
1 cup water
½ cup thick milk cream (chilled)
1 drop of cochineal colour
1 tbsp. finely chopped nuts

Heat water and dissolve jelly crystals in it thoroughly. Divide the liquid into two portions. Divide one portion between four individual dessert bowls. Place the second portion in a broad bowl. Place this bowl and the four dessert bowls in the freezer until set. Remove the bowl and beat up the jelly roughly. Whip cream and fold in the jelly mixture. It is important that the beating be done pretty soon as otherwise the jelly will become loose. Add cochineal to jelly cream mixture and stir well. Remove the individual dessert bowls from the freezer and with the help of a forcing bag and rosette nozzle, pipe the pink jelly-cream mixture on top of the orange jelly in each cup. If piping is not possible, you can just divide the pink mixture on top of the orange jelly. Sprinkle nuts in each cup. Place the bowls back in the freezer. About 30 minutes before serving, remove bowls from freezer and place on refrigerator shelf so that it is not icy.

1 weekly winner

Miss Madhuri Gadre, of Bhavnagar wins, Rs. 50 cash prize for this weeks best recipe plus non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and Tin-O-Mat by Trupti Industries, Bombay.

RICEFLAKE CUTLETS (Pauva Cutlets)

1 cup rice flakes (pauva)
1 cup gramflour
1 large onion
25 grams coriander leaves
2 green chillis
1 tbsp. oil
Oil for frying

SPICES :

1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. dhana-jeera powder
½ tsp. blackpepper powder
A pinch of sugar
½ tsp. onion
Salt to taste

Wash and drain the rice flakes for about five minutes, till they become soft. Chop the onions finely. Grind the green chillis. Add the gram flour to the pauva or rice flakes. Then add all the spices along with the coriander leaves. Mix all the ingredients and knead it into a dough. Make into balls and flatten it to form cutlets. Dredge into breadcrumbs and deep fry in oil till golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce or any other chutney of your choice.

Note :

This recipe is rich in protein, and can be made instantly. There are no pre-preparations to be made and is very simple to make and nutritive.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

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FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF **MAX FACTOR**... NATURALLY

THE MOTHER:

the call for spiritual perfection

Manoj Das

Her mission in life was to explain to the world the vision of Sri Aurobindo—the vision of man's perfectibility. The Mother's Birth Centenary falls on February 21, 1978

"For God's sake, can't you forget that you are a girl or a boy, and try to become a human being?" the Mother told a child of Sri Aurobindo Ashram in the course of answering a question concerning the schemes of physical education for boys and girls.

To another question, "What is the ideal of physical beauty for woman?" her reply was: "Perfect harmony of proportions, suppleness and strength, grace and force, plasticity, endurance and, above all, an excellent health, unvarying, unchanging, the result of a pure soul, of a joyful trust in life and an unshakable faith in divine Grace."

And these words of the Mother are directly relevant to her mission in life — which was to explain to the world the vision of Sri Aurobindo. In her own words, "Sri Aurobindo came to tell the world of the beauty of the future that must be realised. He came to give not a hope but a certitude of the splendour towards which the world moves. The world is not an unfortunate accident, it is a marvel which moves towards its expression."

THE YOGA OF SRI AUROBINDO

In order to appreciate the Mother's role in the life and work of Sri Aurobindo, it is necessary to have some idea about the Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. Yoga in its true sense is man's conscious effort at uniting with the Divine. But since long those who have taken to Yoga have found this world to be a quite unsuitable place for its pursuit. They have therefore renounced the world. Moreover, in their eagerness to concentrate on their soul, they have often caused great torment to their body and have annulled or killed the vital qualities of life.

Thus, whatever success they have achieved, they have achieved it at a very high cost — the world and their life.

Such a position, as spiritual common sense should tell us, does not fit into the Divine scheme of things. If the world and the qualities of life were nothing but false, the Creator had no business to create them at all. All that appears to be dark and false, hides in itself the light and truth capable of transforming it. The answer to the enigma of life is not the rejection of life but its transformation.

Sri Aurobindo points out that a certain process of Yoga is inherent in Nature itself. The fact that life emerged from what was apparently a world of pure energy, that the emergent life has striven to find ever new means of its expression through its evolution from animal to man, are sure signs of Nature's Yoga, her latent aspiration to grow towards greater perfection.

So far as man is concerned, "Yoga is a rapid and conscious evolution of the being."

Sri Aurobindo believed that the time had come when Yoga

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THE MOTHER

must be revealed to humanity because without it mankind cannot take the next step in evolution.

THE MOMENTOUS MEETING

It is said that chance is the pseudonym for God which He uses when He does not wish to put down His signature. Should we say that the Mother meeting Sri Aurobindo was such a chance? No, the signature of God was so distinctly evident here that it was not just chance.

Sri Aurobindo, the first son of Mother India to demand her unqualified independence from foreign rule, had become the supreme leader of the revolutionaries when he suddenly left the political scene. On the occult plane where things take place before being manifested at the physical level, he had seen India already free. His work now concerned the destiny of humanity. He came over to Pondicherry in 1910 and plunged into Yoga.

The Mother, born in Paris, of parents who had migrated from West Asia, was spiritually awake from her very infancy. Mira, that was her name, dreamt of bringing relief to humanity that laboured under the crushing load of ignorance. In her visions she continued to see a luminous figure whom she knew to be her future guide. Her quest brought her to Pondicherry, then a French colony, in 1914. The moment she saw Sri Aurobindo she recognised him to be the person of her visions.

She finally returned to Pondicherry in 1920. Soon Sri Aurobindo's disciples found in her their complete Mother — material and spiritual. Around her grew the Ashram — the world's biggest Ashram, a daring experiment in collective living by people of diverse cultures united by their love for the Mother and the aspiration to grow in the light of Sri Aurobindo.

It is through her that more and more people came to understand Sri Aurobindo. Their association could not be described better than she put it later herself: "Without him I exist not; without me he is unmanifest."

Each area and aspect of the Ashram, from the dining room to the agricultural farm, from the bakery to the printing press, bore the stamp of the Mother's originality in organisation. Every work, she taught, was an opportunity for progress. "Whatever work you do, do it as perfectly as you can. That is the best service to the Divine in Man," she said. Another message of hers which bears the secret of changing work into sadhana is: "Try to take pleasure in all you do, but never do anything for the sake of pleasure."

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN

Her vision constantly fixed on the future, she was never tired of waging war against superstitions and orthodox habits of man. One such citadel of darkness against which she aimed her lash of light was man's attitude towards woman, and indeed, woman's own attitude towards herself. Far back in the second decade of the century, while addressing a gathering of women in Japan, she had said, "It is true that as soon as great events and works are in question, the custom is to relegate women to a corner with a smile of patronising contempt which means, this is not your business, poor, feeble, futile creature .. and women, submissive, childlike, lazy perhaps, have accepted, at least in many countries, this deplorable state of things. I dare to say that they are wrong; in the life of the future there shall be no more room for such division, such disequilibrium between the masculine and the feminine."

So far as the spiritual potentiality of women is concerned, she says, "Women are no more bound to the vital and material consciousness than men are. On the contrary, as they have not, in general, the arrogant mental pretensions of men, it is easier for them to discover their psychic being and to allow it to guide them."

The Mother stands for a spiritualised, transformed world. But she had patiently to guide those who turned to her through the errors and ignorance in which they lived. Her answers to numerous questions of practical importance put to her by seekers from all parts of the world form a magnificent lighthouse that fails none. To sample, here are her words to one who was going to marry.

THE SECRET OF A DURABLE UNION

"To unite your physical existence and your material interests, to associate yourselves so as to face together the difficulties and successes, the defeats and victories of life — this is the very basis of marriage, but you know already that it does not suffice.

"To be united in feelings, to have the same tastes and same aesthetic pleasures, to vibrate together in a common response to the same things, one by the other and one for the other — it is good, it is necessary, but it is not enough.

"To be one in profound sentiments, your affection, your feelings of tenderness for each other not varying in spite of all the shocks of existence, withstanding weariness, irritations and disappointments, to be always and in every case happy, most happy to be together, to find, under all circumstances, one in the presence of the other, rest, peace and joy — it is good, it is very good, it is indispensable, but it is not enough.

"To unite your mentalities, . . . your thoughts harmonising and becoming complementary to each other, your intellectual preoccupations and discoveries shared between you: in a word, to make your spheres of mental activity identical through a broadening and an enrichment acquired by the two at the same time—it is good, it is absolutely necessary, but it is not enough.

"Beyond it all, at the bottom, at the centre, at the summit of being, there is a Supreme Truth of the being, an Eternal Light, independent of all circumstances of birth, of country, of environment, of education: the origin, cause and master of our spiritual development. It is that that gives a definite orientation to our existence. It is that that decides our destiny, it is in the consciousness of this that you should unite. To be one in aspiration and ascension, to advance with the same step on the spiritual path, such is the secret of a durable union."

The Mother left her body on the November 17, 1973. But the splendour of her words and work shall continue to guide all who look forward to a purposeful and lofty tomorrow. It should be emphasised that her work is not limited to the Sri Aurobindo Ashram or the Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, where the practice of the integral approach to the development of the students has brought a new hope to educationists, or Auroville, an experiment in making man rise above his egoistic way of living, or the numerous centres for study of Sri Aurobindo scattered all over the world. She represented a spiritual force, the effect and benefit of which shall continue to be realised.

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LEFT : Zaheera

HEMA MALINI: "I have neither the time to shop for any personal things, nor the time to take them out and use them. When I am triple shifting from six-thirty in the morning to eleven-thirty at night, where is the time to wear non-professional clothing and wallow in that good feeling?

"My mother does all my shopping for me. I have a passion for Kanjeevaram sarees and my mother buys them in Madras — only Madras for silks.

"For dresses, salwar-kameezes, blouses, I rely on my dress designers, Leena Shah, Bhanu Athaiya and Mani Rabadi.

"My shoes and bags and cosmetics, I buy whenever I go abroad, mostly London or New York and Singapore.

"I like jewellery too, but again, I hardly get time to wear it. I prefer gold to platinum, especially when used for setting diamonds. There is a good jeweller known to most of us in films, who has the latest designs from all over the world, and he brings his collection, from which my mother and I choose. This is how my shopping is done."

RAAKHEE : "It is not very easy for me to go into shops and do shopping like an ordinary person. I have tried this and got into trouble. But the rare and the different always attract me. Whenever I go on outdoor shooting, I take time out and go around the place and sometimes beautiful things come out from tiny, unknown shops.

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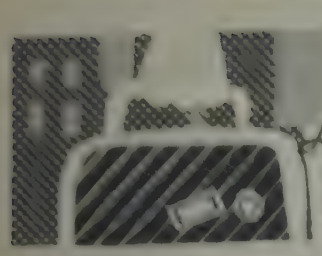


passing through

DR. ROSALYN YALOW
"The Fascination Of Medical Investigation"

For a mere medical student, an interview with a Nobel Laureate in Medicine is something thrilling —something I expected to be the assignment of a lifetime. And I wasn't disappointed: meeting with (as the Americans would put it) and talking to the genial, strapping Dr. (Mrs.) Rosalyn Yalow, Nobel Prize winner for Medicine and Physiology (1977); Consultant at the Radioisotopes Unit, Veterans' Administration Hospital, Bronx, New York; Director of the world-famous Berson Laboratories: recipient of an endless stream of honours, both national and international, and now winner of the Nobel Prize for her pioneering work in the Radioimmunoassay technique. . . Whew! was that an experience!

It was at the end of what must have been even for her a rather hectic day — one of a month she spent in Bombay recently as Visiting Scientist from the World Health Organisation. But she was ready to answer my question and I began with, "Dr. Yalow, a somewhat hackneyed question first: Is this your first visit to India?"

Apparently it was. The nearest she'd been to India before this was in 1971, when she attended an international conference of nuclear physicists in Turkey.

"Yes," she replied. "This is my first visit to India—and most of it's been spent in laboratories, conferences and lecture halls!" She smiled as she added that last bit.

Hasn't she had the time to visit any other places, get away from professional circles? "Well, I have been doing a little bit of touring . . .Delhi, Agra, Bangalore, Aurangabad, Ajanta-Ellora, but. . . shall I tell you some stories about your Indian Airlines?" she broke off suddenly, with a chuckle and a glint in her eyes.

I thought I could guess what was coming (the usual foreign visitor's tales of woe — delayed flights, lost baggage et al), but I told her to go on.

"Well, I first flew from Delhi to Agra, and that wasn't too bad —my plane was just three hours late. Now for the second story— I was scheduled to fly from Bangalore to Trivandrum by a 10.40 night flight. They'd told me to come to the airport at least an hour later, but I reached it at about 11.30 p.m. hoping I wasn't too early. From 11.30 onwards, I was with the airport commander, in his office, waiting for a plane which was scheduled to come to Bangalore from Madras, and then fly me to Trivandrum."

And so the hours passed. Apparently the plane was to fly to Madras itself from some other place, and it hadn't even left that place for Madras. "But nobody told me this. I waited in the airport commander's office till 3 a.m. when his assistant came in and informed me about it. Even the commander didn't seem to know!" she ended, laughing.

Finally, her visit to the Ajanta-Ellora caves just prior to her R. D. Birla ovation at the Bombay Hospital International Conference, where she was scheduled to meet the Indian Prime Minister. "When I reached Aurangabad, I found that all flights to Bombay were full. . . the airport authorities put me 69th on the waiting list. I told them I was a Nobel Laureate, and I had to attend a conference in Bombay the next day and I had to meet the Prime Minister of India there. . ."

But, obviously this cut no ice with the airport authorities — they couldn't do anything about it, or at least, they chose to do nothing but shrug their shoulders helplessly. "Finally," continued Dr. Yalow, "I had to come to Bombay by bus from Aurangabad. That was an adventure!" she concluded wryly. I could imagine it.

But Dr. Yalow took a surprisingly understanding view of it all, saying, "Mind you, I don't think it's incompetence — maybe it's just a question of money. If Indian Airlines had more money, more computers to sort out problems, more back-up planes... I'm sure these things wouldn't happen!

"At any rate, because of all this, I've had to refuse invitations from many places in India, particularly over the weekends when I could have visited them. But I'm afraid to accept them, because I know I won't be able to fulfil my scientific commitments if I do, and that would be just too bad!"

Enough of the traveller's travails, and let's discuss the Nobel Laureate. How was it that she, a physicist by training, switched over to medical research? She confessed that she'd always wanted to become a doctor. But in the late 1930s, when she finished school, prevailing conditions

prevented her from pursuing a medical career. For one thing, her parents couldn't afford her a medical education. Then, with the outbreak of World War II and the subsequent increasing number of casualties, the demand for male physicians shot up. All in all, the already existing conditions which made it difficult for a woman to become a doctor there, worsened.

The thirties saw the era of atomic physics ushered in. That was the time when the atomic research fever had soared to new heights, when almost every experiment was hailed as phenomenal and a breakthrough. "When almost every experiment seemed to fetch the Nobel Prize," Dr. Yalow said smiling. Perhaps she didn't even dream then that one day she too would become one of those select few. . . or did she?

It has indeed been a long, long way from the Physics-student of the late thirties to the Nobel Laureate of 1977.

When she joined the College of Engineering at the City University of Illinois, she remembers, she was the lone female student among 400 male students. And, when she graduated in 1941, she was the second female graduate from Illinois University — the first had been enrolled in 1917. "That was during the First World War, and I graduated during the Second World War. So, two World Wars — and two female graduates from the City University of Illinois!"

She was married two years later to a fellow-student from Illinois, Dr. Yalow. They have two children — a son, Benjamin who is now Systems Programmer at the State University of New York and "a scientist in his own right" as she put it proudly, and a daughter, Elanna, who was married just before the whole family left for Stockholm and Dr. (Mrs.) Yalow's acceptance speech. After that, said Dr. Yalow, Elanna and her husband, Dan, had left for Paris on a much-delayed honeymoon.

Has there ever been a clash between her duties as a scientist and those as a housewife and mother? An emphatic NO. "I don't see why I can't be a housewife— and a good one too, my husband still likes my cooking (she smiled at hubby hovering around, who smiled back) — and a scientist at the same time. Incidentally there have been six other women who've got the Nobel Prize for science before, and I think it's just coincidence that almost all of them were married to scientists. At any rate, it's nice to have a scientific man for a husband — they're more understanding."

Her views on the lib movement? "I'm not a libber. I'm a liberated woman!" she announced, grinning. As for discrimination against women in the United States, she felt that there wasn't much of it right now, at least not discrimination of the overt type (like the one she had to face at the beginning of her career).

"Over there, it's the buddy system that works things still. It's this way: if someone asks me to recommend a person for a job. I'll recommend someone I know who'll be good. And when men, who just happen to be in all the right places, are asked, they recommend only men!" Therefore, she attributes most of the "discrimination" against women to what she calls the "buddy system."

Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow appears to have more than held her own against the buddy system — and remarkably well, too.

In 1950, she began research with Dr. Solomon A. Berson. That was a long and fruitful association for science — an association that ended when Dr. Berson died in 1972. Subsequently their laboratories, where Dr. Yalow is presently the Director, were named in his honour.

It was in the early fifties that the Berson-Yalow team accidentally discovered something that was to be the germ of the radioiminunoassay technique, something that catapulted Dr. Yalow from the world of nuclear physics to that of medical research, something that was destined to bring her the Nobel Prize about two decades later. (Funnily enough, the pages of science are strewn with such accidental discoveries like that of penicillin by Sir Alexander Fleming.)

But to convert the accidental clinical finding to a test-tube reality in the laboratory took three years of hard work for Dr. Yalow and her associates. From there to the ultimate development of the radioimmunoassay technique was a long, uphill task. A diagnostic tool of tremendous importance (it can detect and

measure biological substances even when they are in as unimaginably low concentrations as one-hundredth of a millionth of a millionth of a gram-molecule of Insulin), the radioimmunoassay technique has opened up new vistas in almost every branch of medicine. Dr. Yalow's has been a triumph of ingenuity, intellect and dedication.

After she got her Doctorate in Physics, she came into increasing contact with the medical world. "I'm thrilled with medicine, I love interacting with physicians. All the medicine I know I've got from reading and from interacting with my physician associates," she said.

This unique amalgam of nuclear physicist and medical researcher believes that the scientist who does research does so "not because it is entertaining," not merely for the intellectual satisfaction of affixing his name to a research paper, but because he genuinely believes that everything he does is of some ultimate good to mankind.

Finally, what exactly is the guiding principle, or to put it a bit more crudely, what makes this cheerful, energetic, 57-year-old, housewife-cum-mother-cum-nuclear physicist-cum-medical research scientist who exudes such exuberant charm of her own — what makes the Nobel Prize winner in Medicine and Physiology (1977) tick?

"The fascination of medical investigation."

This she said softly to a still, silent, rapt audience at the end of one of her lectures in the city.

Shivanand Karkal

DR. SUZANNE HENIG
WORKING FOR INDO-U.S. FRIENDSHIP

Dr. Suzanne Henig, a well known award winning poetess, author of several literary critical works and a professor of Literature at the University of San Diego, California, was recently in India, on behalf of the citizens of San Diego, to present to our Prime Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai, a bronze plaque as a gesture of their friendship and goodwill. She had also brought with her a letter from the Mayor of San Diego inviting India to participate in a cultural and trade fair scheduled to be held there in April 1979 and also to formally invite Mr. Desai to inaugurate the fair.

The idea of holding a fair in San Diego, one of the biggest of its kind to be held there since 1913, and for the first time in cooperation with another country, says Dr. Henig, originated between her and a close Indian friend, Dr. Madhavan, professor of Economics in San Diego University.

"I have some very good Indian friends and I have always imagined India to be a wonderful country," said Suzanne. "I came here for the first time in May last year to do research for a book that I am writing on Mrs. Indira Gandhi, and I found the India of my dreams to be really true. But unfortunately, most Americans have a very unrealistic picture of India. They think it to be a thickly populated country, very backward, with people starving and falling dead on the streets. The idea to hold this fair originated as I wanted my countrymen to see the true India, the kind of India that they do not even think exists. And when Dr. Madhavan and I put this idea before the members of the Forum of Arts, San Diego, it was received with great enthusiasm as most of its prominent members have had very long and happy associations with India."

The Forum of the Arts, San Diego, which is sponsoring the first India-United States Holi (named after the Indian festival) Friendship-Cultural Festival and Trade Fair in April, 1979, is a group of scientists, artists, writers and people active in art. It was founded by Dr. Jonas Salk, Nehru award winning scientist, his wife Francoise Gilot, a well known French poetess-painter, Dr. Saul H. Karlen (president), a prominent psychiatrist and doctor of medicine, Dr. Madhavan, Dr. Suzanne Henig and some other well known citizens of California, who are active in the field of Arts and Sciences. The organisation, which is a non-profit making body is devoted to promoting the finest standards in the arts, sciences and humanities as well as fostering international friendship between America and other countries.

Once the idea to hold the fair was formulated, Suzanne was the natural choice to visit India and to make all the arrangements as she has some very good Indian friends in government as well as in other fields. Having stayed in India for about three weeks, she said that she had the most pleasant experience here and found everyone very willing and cooperative. "I love Indians for their warmth, hospitality and willingness to help people. I got an opportunity to meet the various officials in different departments. But I was really happy to see your Prime Minister, whom I had a chance to meet last time also. He gave me more than one hour of his precious time and we had a very pleasant conversation on various subjects. He accepted the bronze plaque and also agreed to come to San Diego formally to inaugurate the fair. But he changed the time from April to May, 1979. I am absolutely thrilled as I have succeeded in my mission and I am sure the fair will be a great success and help further improve the relations between our two countries."

The Forum of Arts is also going to invite President Carter to join Mr. Morarji Desai in opening the fair.

Born in New York, Dr. Suzanne Henig now lives in California. She also edits the Virginia Woolf Quarterly, an international literary magazine. The Quarterly is subscribed to by libraries and museums around the world and has published many interviews with renowned artists. Dr. Henig is a prize winning poetess and her work has appeared for almost 25 years in U.S.A., Asia and Europe. Her works reflect her sympathies with the oppressed and her concern with the problems of our time. In her poetry, she uses the language of the common man.

Dr. Henig has had various sessions with Mrs. Indira Gandhi and hopes to finish her book on the ex-Premier by May this year. "My book may not be a best seller, as I am not interested in writing scandals. I am not going to make any judgement on her. That is for history to do. In my book I am going to present everything about her, good and bad. I am going to endeavour to present a true picture of her so that when history looks back at one of the world's most powerful women who lived in the twentieth century, my book will be consulted for her true portrait," she said.

But the main purpose of this visit was to make arrangements for the trade fair of 1979 and to invite our Prime Minister. Dr. Henig, who is very fond of the city of San Diego, says it is one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in the United States. Known for its literary surroundings, the city has five universities, four colleges and many museums and art galleries. The 1979 fair will be of a world fair dimensions and will be the largest fair and festival of its kind ever put on in America with any individual foreign nation.

Besides exhibiting various goods from India, Indian poets, artists, writers and dancers are also going to be invited to read their work and give lectures and dance performances. A private collection of Indian art will be shown and also an Indian film festival will be organised.

The fair will last for full one month and Dr. Henig hopes that a vigorous trade between the two countries will be encouraged. While in India, Dr. Henig met and conferred with Indian government leaders, cultural people and members of the commercial and trade community to secure active official participation. She has asked the Indian government to cosponsor the fair officially with the Forum of the Arts, San Diego, to ensure the greatest possible success.

After her visit, she was all admiration for the people of India and especially for Mr. Nani Palkhiwala, India's Ambassador to U.S.A., who, she said, "had with his cooperation opened many doors for me." Dr. Henig presented him with a silver medal, on behalf of the Mayor and citizens of San Diego as a token of friendship between them and the citizens of India.

As Dr. Henig did not have enough time in India to meet all businessmen, she has asked the Rotary Club to help her in her mission. The Club is soon going to set up a committee and will do the liaison work here. She plans to come back to India again in May 1978 to finalise arrangements for the fair. She is very keen for the American people to get a true picture of India and the progress it has made in the last few years.

"I think the number of Indian women to be found in various professions is just unbelievable. They are so fantastic," she said.

A very amiable and friendly person, Dr. Henig is enthusiastic about the project. She is very grateful to her various Indian friends in India as well as in U.S.A., who are helping her in her work. In 1980, the Forum of the Arts will hold the second International World Fair with Japan.

Jyotsana Kapoor

FROM BINNY'S GALLERY OF ORIGINALS-2

PRESENT-DAY PORTRAITS

Mod . . . dynamic. Binny's fashion-scope of fabrics. Inspired suitings and shirtings. In a chromatic scale of shades and designs.

In this presentation, he wears Saville Row 67/33 polyester/viscose designed suiting. She wears Casino 100% polyester shirting.

SAVILLE ROW Suiting
CASINO Shirting

STUDIES IN ELEGANCE

BINNY
polyester blends

NAOMI INY:

Sculpting the Peculiarities of Human Nature

By birth an Indian, by choice a resident of the United Kingdom, by instinct a sculptress — Naomi Iny, who has lived in London for over two decades, really hasn't been able to tear herself away from her roots.

During her formative years she was exposed to a life style and ethos totally western in origin. Yet the native cultural influences — subconscious no doubt — manifested themselves in her work. "I faced a terrible conflict between two cultures — a sort of crisis in identity," she says. When she was asked to return to India seven years ago she refused. Now she finds herself unwittingly drawn to this country.

She took to art at an early age. "I don't remember a time in my life when I wasn't doing something, making something," she recalls.

Naomi decided to try her hand at painting, much to the chagrin of her family who wanted her to pursue a conventional career like medicine or teaching.

After she enrolled herself for a course in painting at the Slade School of Fine Art, Naomi realised she wasn't cut out to be a painter. Invariably, she would end up sticking plaster or bits of clay on the canvas. So she switched over to Slade's department of sculpture — a department which rarely admits girls, because they feel, quite mistakenly of course, that girls don't make good sculptors. And there Naomi discovered herself.

The subject of most of her sculptures is the peculiarities of human nature. At first glance they appear a trifle grotesque, peculiar. A critic once described them as "Fantastic, whimsical,... creatures from a foreign world" — but as one gazes at a sculpture one detects a closeness to reality in her figures.

Perhaps the mixed media in which she works contributes to the foetal, sensuous quality of her caricatures. She works with soft materials — nylon stockings, cotton wool, wax, papier mache, human hair, eyes made out of polyester. Her sculptures are stuffed, or sewn or carved as the mood takes her. They are all an expression of the artist's moods and feelings. Some of her sculptures are life sized some are child like, or doll like.

Naomi gets her inspiration from people she meets, and from objects. Once, while walking the streets of London, she found a doll in a gutter. A mutilated, shapeless doll, with a dirt streaked face. Naomi picked it up and kept it. And it inspired a particular sculpture she was working on...

Says Naomi, "It's strange how one's ancestral values subconsciously emerge in one's work. When I came to India, I saw images I had portrayed in my figures reflected in the people around me. Something I hadn't seen in the West."

And the colours Naomi incorporates in her sculptures enhances their life like quality. Most of them have the natural colour of the human body; the hair bunched atop the head is often human hair.

Colour, in fact, is central to Naomi's philosophy of life. Colour she believes, affect societies and peoples differently. "The colours in India are vibrant, this contributes to the more spiritual and emotional nature of people living here as opposed to people who live in the West, whose approach is more intellectual and rational because the colours they are surrounded by are so much more sedate, subdued."

Naomi has a theory to offer: the healing value of colour. Colours evoke an emotional response from people, says Naomi. For instance, red, a life giving colour, sets the heart beating faster. "If you have defective circulation, eating red food, wearing red clothes and generally having that colour around you will stimulate the nerves and improve the circulation."

One possible reason for the higher rate of mental disturbance among urban people, says Naomi, is the absence of natural colours, in particular green. "Even in an office, if you have plants around you, chances are that those working in the office will be less prone to be irritable."

Naomi's colourful work evokes an immediate response from people — favourable or otherwise — and, more important, it helps her to grow. Work she believes, is a process of growth. "Art is three per cent inspiration — the rest is all slog and through all that slog you grow."

At 25, just before her Slade exhibition, Naomi realised she couldn't use pure instinct, she had to think constructively, precisely, at each step. Which she did. That realisation, no doubt, helped make that prestigious exhibition a remarkable success.

Naomi Iny wanted to come to Bombay on a short visit, but she has stayed longer than she had originally intended. For seven months she taught craftwork to school children at the Vidya Bhavan, Udaipur. No doubt she will return to England, but at the moment the artist in her is busy imbibing India's rich cultural heritage.

Ratu Kamlani

THE FOUR-STAR SHOPPING SCHEDULE

Continued from page 37

"As for sarees, my dress designer brings me a collection on approval and I choose them at home.

"I have a thing about design; I don't like ready designed clothes, such as from a boutique. I tell you, it is purely a status symbol to go shopping to one of the Five-Star hotel boutiques and buy the latest creations off their models. I think this is a sheer waste of money. Prices are shockingly high and most boutique maniacs buy clothes that don't really suit them. I prefer to study magazines on styling and designs. I choose a sleeve from one, a neck from another, the skirt from a third and make a totally different design by the time I get it made.

"The same with shoes. I like to design my own and give them to a Chinese shoemaker in Colaba.

"As for jewellery, I design this, too. When the silver craze came on, I melted all my old silver, presents I could never use and gave it to a girl who makes silver jewellery, and got it finished to look like old silver.

"When I am in London and the Continent, I buy unusual material by the yard from unknown shops — linen handpainted by artists, gardening equipment, etc. It is not money and expensive things which make good shopping, it is the vision and good taste you use that matter."

ZAHERRA: "I used to be a mad shopper when I was less responsible and living with my parents in London. You know, it is just a phase, at 17-18, to want to have everything that fashion swings with.

"Now I know the responsibilities and priorities, when it comes to spending money. And anyhow, I have become very blase about shopping.

"In films, I have to wear so much, both by way of cosmetics and designed clothes, that having to put them on and off is itself an exercise which leaves me exhausted and uninterested in anything more. I have stopped shopping around, especially in Bombay. The prices shoot up when the shopkeeper knows it is a film star who is buying.

"I do my buying when I go home to London to be with my family."

ZARINA WAHAB: Zarina was away in London to meet a sister from New York and also for a seven-day shopping spree. I met her elder sister Hasina, who spoke to me about her sister's craze for shopping. She is an impulsive shopper, extremely fond of clothes and jewellery, and has a passion for antiques.

In Zarina's bedroom, there is a beautiful marble lamp, but its price shocked me. Zarina, her sis told me, has declared that the only thing she'd take when she leaves her present home to go to her sasural's is that lamp. And then, I was shown her wild hoardings of perfume.

In her impulsiveness and enthusiasm for shopping, Zarina buys things just off the racks so as to say, but she never regrets her shopping.

FATHERS ARE PARENTS, TOO!

Tamashree Sen

The 1960s and 70s have seen the revolt, especially in the West, of people who wanted choices — blacks, youth and women have all rebelled at being locked into the roles prepared for them by history. But most men are not yet prepared to acknowledge that they, too, need relief — from manhood.

However there are signs, again mainly in the West, that the feminist movement has helped men to take a hard look at the mixed blessedness of being male. They are beginning to question whether the rewards of modern machismo are worth the price they have to pay for it. They are beginning to recognize that, like women, they can be oppressed by their designated role — the obligation to prove themselves as indomitable achievers and providers; the expectation put on them of confidence and strength, of being the strong, silent, masculine type.

Of course, the shift in male attitudes, even in the West, has scarcely reached phenomenal proportions. It is apparent mainly among younger, educated men in their 20s and 30s, the group usually quickest to respond to new social currents.

This, more or less, is the situation in India too, though here the percentage of younger, educated men who are reassessing their priorities, prejudices and roles, seems to be much lower than in the West.

One of the areas in which men have hitherto played too minor a role is the bringing up of children, traditionally left to women, who — it was decreed — were possessed, exclusively as it were, of the "maternal instinct."

This is apparently, one of the major areas of change coming out of the yet-undefined men's liberation. Fathers are beginning to get more and more involved as fathers, from the prenatal stage onward and, especially in the West, they are asserting their rights as fathers in divorce cases.

Back in India, young fathers are beginning to share more responsibility in the bringing up of their children. However, the majority of Indian men continue to think it the "prerogative" of mothers.

We interviewed several fathers, mothers and children to find out what each section thought of parenthood and the father's role in the bringing up of children.

"Today a father has to give and give, and give, he cannot expect anything in return," said a father who has resigned himself to the changed circumstances of modern life and accepts its inevitability. This giving is not in terms of money only but also of time and personal attention.

On the other hand, 16-year-old Annie, of Colaba, quips: 'My father never has any idea of the class I am in." This is believed to be a popular complaint, because fathers are alleged to have no time for their children. Either they find it hard to accommodate them in their busy schedule or are plain indifferent. More important than this, there is seldom any communication or close relationship between the two.

How far can these assertions be generalized? Is the modern father really hard pressed for time? Is it simply impossible for father and child to share a few intimate moments every day? Do the children feel neglected? What exactly is the role of the father in his children's lives?

"A child is a ball of clay," said a wise man once. "Mould it with your hands in the shape you desire." The parents are the most important sculptors of the child's character. The end product depends largely on the time, precision, care and understanding of the minds that work on it.

Usha is a spritely, vivacious teenager currently doing her first year in B. A. in a Bombay college. A small tete-e-tete revealed a few facts about her home life. Like she prefers her friends' company to her parents and can confide in, the former more easily, her father is nice but doesn't understand her problems in the light she would like him to, he never enquires about her studies, not that it bothers her, but of course she can bully him into getting anything she wants.

When I met her parents they impressed me as the complacent type. The father, it appeared, believed in providing material comforts to his daughter and totally neglected the emotional aspect of their relationship. It did not matter to him that Usha never came to him with her problems. He brushed aside the charge, saying it was her age that made her seek the company of youngsters. What did not occur to him was that age, influence, circumstance need not or rather should not affect her feelings or closeness with her parents and much depends on the latter to nurture the loving bond.

The mother seemed to live in an illusion. "We are a very close knit family," she said. Perhaps by close knit she meant a trouble free family, but that's because they are not involved with each other.

Strangely enough in most households as in Usha's home, the mother accepts the traditional role of looking after the children right from their infancy till they leave school or college and sometimes even after that. The fathers on the other hand, are usually the heroes in the evenings, occasionally enquiring about their studies, taking the children out an Sundays.

"But it's all a matter of duty," Mrs. Bindra pointed out. "It is the mother's duty to sacrifice. That is how it has always been in our society, I accept it and do not want to lead any other kind of life. I have devoted my life to the care of my children. My husband is the provider. Of course, he does all he can for them within his means and time limit."

But why does it have to be the mother only who must sacrifice? True, the father is the provider in most homes, but then doesn't the mother have the unenviable task of looking after the household? Besides, isn't society, which assigned particular roles to women, also man-made? Even if this was acceptable in the past, there is no justifications for it to continue even today. Everyone of us have aspirations, dreams, interests. Why does it have to be the mother only who has to sacrifice her interests at the alter of child care?

The survey showed that young mothers today, especially the career women, think differently. "It's certainly unfair," said Jyoti, a young, newly married working women. "A husband cannot take for granted that his work is more important. Both the husband and wife should share the leave when the child is indisposed." She went on to explain how mothers are dubbed 'soft' and fathers 'hard' when the latter stay away, and recalled a friend whose husband, much to her resentment, is like a stranger to her children.

Proximity from early years is therefore of vital importance in building up a close relationship between the child and his parents. A baby is most sensitive to touch, therefore, a father who plays with his infant child, changes his nappies, feeds him, develops in the process an unbreakable bond.

Uday, a young father, finds his six-month-old son a bundle of fun, "I can spend hours with him," he said and that's precisely what he and his wife, who works in Gulf Air, do after they return home from work. The baby senses the closeness of both his parents and even at this age, as his mother said proudly, "He recognises us and gives us a

big smile whenever we come before him."

What did he believe was his role as a father, I asked Uday. He looked confused for a moment, then answered, "I don't think there is any such thing as maternal or paternal roles. We believe that a mother and a father should give equal attention to the child." Looking at his tiny son with pride, he added, "All I want is that my son be first emotionally dependent on us, then economically. The bond should be there and I'll make all efforts to nurture it."

This is how it should be, but unfortunately many a home has been ruined, many a scar made, too deep to be ever obliterated, because of parental behaviour. After all, what is a home but a family living together in love and peace?

One such tragic victim is a young boy of fifteen, studying in the tenth standard. To him, home is only a place for shelter. He spoke in a slow monotone, but the look in his eyes reflected his intense dislike for his family. "I never like to consult my father about anything, neither do I care to go out for holidays with the family. I'd rather be with my friends than my father," he said all in one breath.

But why does he feel like this? He waived the question in a manner that suggested his hatred for the topic itself His mother provided the answer later. "It's a tragedy," she said. "My husband was and still is, very attached to my son, but he was very strict. My son also resented the fact that his father did not take his views seriously. It was I and not my husband who always took his side, so he found it easy to talk to and confide in me. My husband now tries to get across to him, but so far it's no go. The trouble is, we can act only on presumptions but are never sure what really irks him."

Clearly here was a father-son communication gap. Too strict discipline had worsened the situation. He expected too much of his son. "I want him to be at the top." A failure in meeting his expectations incurred his wrath, so much so that the child was scared even to talk freely with him. The chasm widened as the years went by and now it was too late to make amends.

Yet strangely, when I had spoken to his father earlier that day he had made no mention of his son's attitude towards him. He admitted his son's attachment to his mother and spoke of his fondness for his friends' company but that, he reasoned out, was because of his adolescent years — a trying age for any boy. A talk with his son later proved how erroneous his conclusions were.

A friend of mine whose father is in business and is hardly seen in the house had some interesting things to say. "You know, it's funny, but I have to make appointments with my own father. He refuses to talk to any one of us on any matter unless we have informed him at least a day earlier." Unfortunately such incidents are commonplace even if most do not go to such extremes.

However, not all fathers are imperfect. The most common expression of adoration for fathers are "I'd like to marry someone like Daddy," or, "I want to grow up to be like Daddy." The father is ideal, the symbol of perfection. Indeed, in some homes there is an exchange of roles between the parents where the father takes over motherly duties. Invariably in such homes the children were found to be more attached to their fathers.

A father has a multiple role to play, at one end he is a friend, at the other, a guide. But most important is genuine involvement with the child — its activities, its feelings, its needs. Today conditions at home are very different from that of our forefathers. Children are more intelligent, more conscious of the world around, more sensitive to the change in modern life. A father should help his children to keep pace with the changing times. His loving hand should always be there to guide his child through the uncertain paths of life.

It is not just the children who would benefit from more attention from their fathers; nor is it just the mothers who would gain from a situation of shared responsibility; fathers themselves would become more complete, relaxed and happy human beings if they would only learn to let go their "macho" exteriors, and give vent to their real and natural feelings of love and tenderness.

CHANGES IN AMERICAN FATHERS

Men (in the U.S.) are getting more involved with their children -- and apparently liking it. Prenatal clinics have experienced a huge boom in male participation. Fathers are diapering babies without any notable rise in the incidence of pinpricks, and they are taking on more of the parenting as children grow older. There has been a sudden spate of books on the joys of male nurturing with such titles as "Tenderness Is Strength" and "Father Feelings". And there are latter-day life-with-father scenes of Dad dressing the kids for school in the morning, picking them up from band practice and bathing them before bedtime.

"I know more and more men who are more involved with their children than with their wives," says New York novelist Anne Roiphe in a Newsweek report. "At dinner parties the child calls out and it is the father who gets up to see what the child wants. They are the maternal persons in the house."

Even when the family breaks up, men are asserting their parental rights. A series of break-through cases since 1970 has challenged the legal assumption that the mother is automatically "the appropriate custodian" for young children. So far, fifteen states have passed parental-equalizing statutes holding that both parents are to be judged on an equal basis in determining the custody of the child. And in December a Missouri court of appeals upheld the rights of unwed fathers in custody cases saying: "Today's sex roles are becoming more flexible, and unmarried fathers are both willing and capable of being competent parents." In his new novel, "Kramer vs. Kramer", Avery Corman deals with the growing love of a father for the son he wins in a custody battle. Corman doubts that the book could have been written ten years ago. "There was no forum then for a man to express love feelings for a child," he says. "These things have been kept from us like a dark secret. We've been lean-jawed and macho all these years, and the women's movement has created a climate that allows us to express our feelings."

The very fact that fathers are showing what is invariably called a maternal impulse is the signpost of a larger break-through. Men are venturing to express emotions once anathematized as "feminine."

Devi

Shatrughan Sinha has his own brand of sadhu. A Bhoot Nath Baba from Lucknow is posted on the 11th floor in Avinash Jain's (Jaysons) Pali Hill flat and Bhoot even pays return courtesy calls to Shatru in his stale make-up room. Bhoot, who wears more gaudy clothes than Shatru and speaks highly of him, otherwise has predicted doom for many. Hema Malini went for Bhoot's blessing and Bhoot told her she has eighteen months of her career left. Sulakshana, Bhoot feels, will be where she is, and I cannot make up my mind whether she is at the top or the bottom.

FILMSTARS' MANDIR — not so holy

I like Bhoot, he has predicted the world at my feet. Estate agents and flat owners around Carter Road and Pali Hill are waiting to bash up Bhoot. He has said very soon the sea at Bandra would rise and devour all the skyscrapers around, and I tried in vain to ask Bhoot if filmdom is drowned which world would be at my feet.

Filmfolks see mandirs everywhere. They say their home is a mandir. No wonder they treat it with reverence and hardly use it. Their dil is also a mandir, where so many whores take shelter. Their toilets they say are sacred (with wallpaper of one thousand rupee notes) and then most fading stars demolish their garage and build mini-theatres and you can find out whether it is booked or not by the heap of juthas and chappals. You are supposed to remove your chappals because the mini-theatre is also a temple (where at times blue films are shown). I have to continuously warn my kadka male friends to wear chappals lest they reveal torn socks.

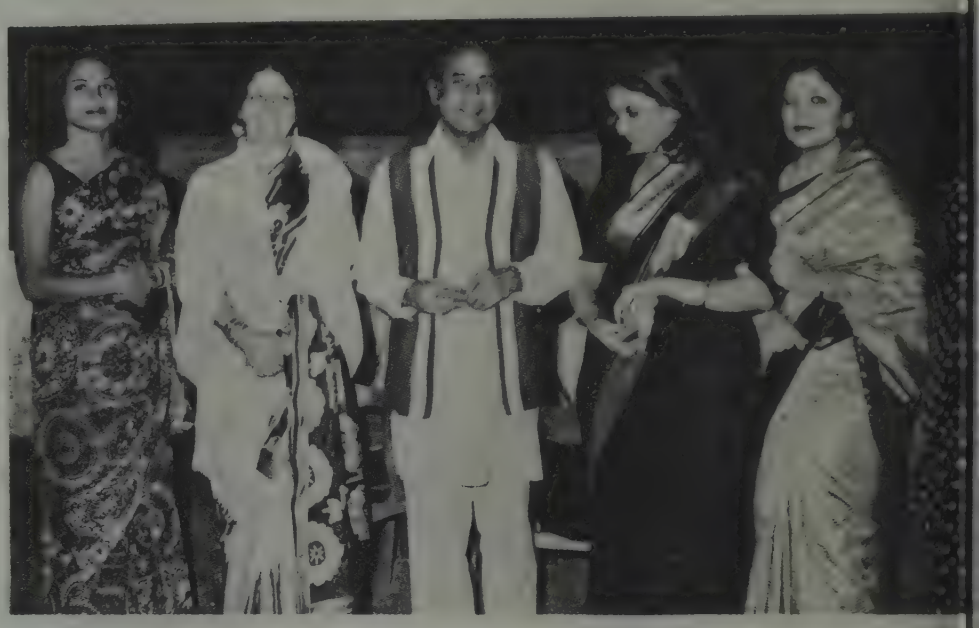
The trend, I think, was started by Raj Kapoor. Incidentally, Raj now has retired to his temple (editing room). He is off wine, cigarettes, and flesh of all kinds (including females) for the success of "Satyam Shivam Sundaram". And I always thought film success has nothing to do with wine, woman, mutton, but a sensible, sleek script.

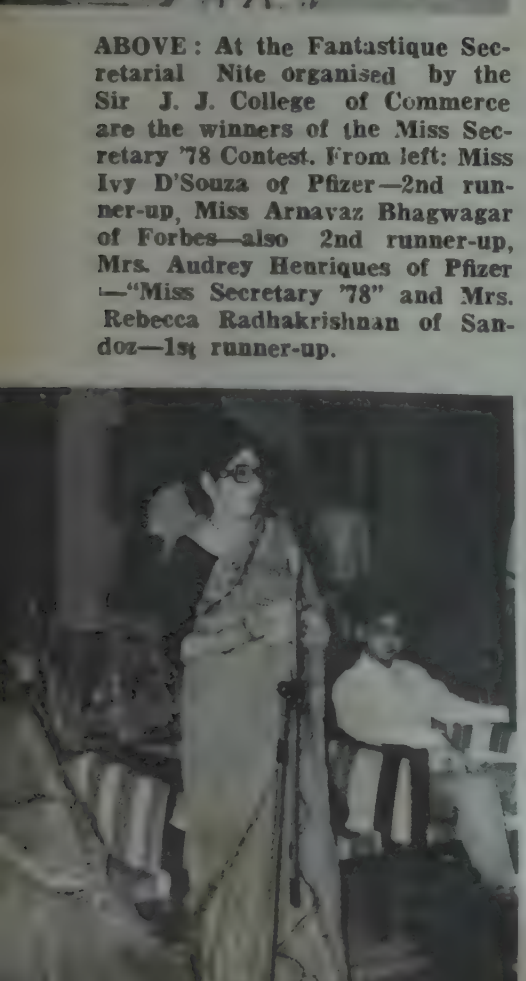
people and events

Begum Salima Aga Khan broadcasts a message to the blind at the NAB workshop for the Blind, Bombay.

ABOVE: Jazz India presented a scintillating concert of Japan's Nobuo Hara and his Sharps and Flats. Photograph shows the Band Leader (centre) and some of the players at a reception held in their honour by the Consul-General for Japan and Mrs. Horino (third from left).

RIGHT: At a party given in Bombay by writers Salim-Javed for Mehdi Hassan are seen (from left) Mrs. Kusum Nirula, Mrs. Jagjit Kaur, Mr. Mehdi Hassan, Miss Neelu Mukesh, Mrs. Hiroo Johar and Mrs. Pam Chopra.





ABOVE: At the Fantastique Secretarial Nite organised by the Sir J. J. College of Commerce are the winners of the Miss Secretary '78 Contest. From left: Miss Ivy D'Souza of Pfizer—2nd runner-up, Miss Arnavaz Bhagwagar of Forbes—also 2nd runner-up, Mrs. Audrey Henriques of Pfizer —"Miss Secretary '78" and Mrs. Rebecca Radhakrishnan of Sandoz—1st runner-up.

LEFT: Rotaryanne Kamala Prasad giving away the prize to best singer Brian Laul of Loyola College, Madras, at the International Evening organised by the Rotaract Club of Pachaiyappa's College. Rotaract president Ravichander looks on.

LEFT: Mrs. Tara Cherian, ex-Mayor of Madras, inaugurated the Pongal Mela at Welcomhotel Chola, Madras. Seated at left is Miss C. Baji, guest relations officer, and at right Mr. Oscar Monteiro, sales manager.

RIGHT: At the Bangalore Floral Art show are seen (from left) Mr. R. Muhammad Ali, dir. of Horticulture, Karnataka, chief guest Mrs. S. Balu and Mrs. P. Ranganathan, the chief organiser.

bombay

As part of the Decennial Celebrations of The National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped (NASEOH), a four-day All India Conference on Work for the Handicapped was organised. Prime Minister Morarji Desai inaugurated the conference.

The objectives of the conference were :

To briefly outline the present status of the handicapped in India and current policies and plans for their rehabilitation; to suggest new approaches for future programmes, taking into consideration social, economic and development changes needed to usher in Total Revalution in the field of rehabilitation; and to indicate how rehabilitation strategies oriented to Total Revolution could be implemented.

Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare, presented the keynote address and Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra presided. Mr. Ravindra Verma, Union Minister of Labour and Employment, delivered the valedictory address.

* * *

Mrs. Swaran Puri of Chic, Calcutta, is holding an unusual exhibition-cum-sale of hand-embroidered cotton sarees at Erawan boutique, Haji Ali, on February 15, 16 and 17 between 10.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.

* * *

The Silk and Rayon Textiles Export Promotion Council organised the third Man-made Textiles Fair from January 27 to 29 at the Taj Mahal Hotel. The fair was inaugurated by the Governor of Bombay, Mr. Sadiq Ali, followed by a speech by Mr. B. N. Kothary, chairman of the Council.

India's leading rayon and synthetic textile mills participated in the Fair. In addition to the impressive range of fabrics displayed, there were special collections of ready-made garments and hosiery.

The main events of the Fair were a buyer-seller conference and fashion show. One of the Fair's objectives was developing better understanding between Indian exporters and their counterparts abroad.

* * *

Two very informative and interesting talks were held here recently. The first, arranged by the SNDT University, was by noted historian Dr. Romilla Thappar. Mrs. Thappar traced different approaches in the writing of Indian History from the 18th century onwards. She discussed the partisan motives with which different historians have written Indian history. She said modern historians have to take the help of other social sciences like archaeology and social anthropology and linguistics in order to find out what happened thousands of years ago.

The second talk, arranged by the Committee for the Protection of Democratic Rights, was by Mrs. Niloufer Bhagwat, leading advocate, who spoke on the new Preventive Detention law which the Centre is trying to incorporate in the normal law.

She stressed the need for urgently mobilising public opinion against the new measure since it might lead to the same authoritarian rule that prevailed during the emergency.

delhi

The Village Pageant presented in Delhi during the PATA Conference by the Taj Group of Hotels, captured the festive mood of rural India. For most of the visitors—mainly visiting PATA delegates, and persons connected with the travel trade--the Pageant was a unique and exciting experience, created by Rajiv Sethi and his village troupe.

The objective of the Taj Group of Hotels in creating this Indian Village Fair was to give a glimpse of the heart of rural India to the visiting delegates to PATA '78 and to persons in the travel trade.

calcutta

The West Bengal Spastics Society held a seminar on Cerebral Palsy. In his inaugural address, Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor, West Bengal, who is also the Patron of the Society, stressed the need for public awareness on the subject. The others who addressed the morning session were. Mr. N. Bhattacharya, State Minister for Health and Family Welfare, Mrs. N. Chatterjee, Minister for Social Welfare, Mrs. Perin S. Aaibara, chairman of the W. B. Spastics Society, Mrs. Mithu Chib, chairman, Spastics Society of India and Mrs. Sudha Kaul, principal, Centre for Special Education, Calcutta.

The second session dealing with the prevention and management of Cerebral Palsy had Dr. A. Gazdar as its moderator. The others who participated in this discussion were Dr. A. Dasgupta, Dr. J. Chatterjee and Dr. S. K. Bose.

A couple of films were also screened, dealing with the subject of Cerebral Palsy.

madras

The Rotaract Club of Pachaiyappa's College, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Madras West, held an International Evening — a programme of music and dance in their college. The large number of participants included foreign students studying in Madras. Mr. K. R. Shenai, former Commissioner of Police, and currently Director of Tourism was the chief guest. Mr. Koblyn of the Russian Consulate presided. The outstanding items were the Bharata Natyam performance by Miss Radha Nilakantan and the Wrestling Dance by a group of Nigerian students. The Mauritius students got the trophy for the best group. An individual prize for the best singer in Western music was bagged by Brian Laul of Loyola College.

bangalore

The Lalbagh Horticultural Society arranged Indian floral decorations-cum-Ikebana competitions as part of the Republic Day Flower Show. Mrs. Priya Ranganathan was in charge. The competition drew more than 500 entries, and nearly 100 prizes were awarded. The Hombe Gowda Rolling Shield went to Mrs. S. Bhatt. Mrs. Shakuntala Balu inaugurated the exhibition.

The cynosure of the Horticultural show was a collection of Bonsai plants and rare orchids.

ahmedabad

The fifth State Level Do-It-Yourself Exhibition--1977-78 was held in Ahmedabad on behalf of the Department of Technical Education, Gujarat State, along with the 65th Science Congress at Indo-Gurjari-77 on the Gujarat University Campus. The Science Congress was inaugurated by the Prime Minister and the Indo-Gurjari Exhibition—1977 was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of Gujarat.

Two Engineering colleges, 14 Polytechnics and eight Technical Schools participated. A State Level Committee of experts formed the panel of judges.

world of eve

NIKKI CHOPRA

Nikki Chopra took the challenge of mastering a male-dominated field and ventured into the world of jewels. She started with a hunt for stones and then proceeded to prepare designs for their setting. Slowly she collected knowledge about the field. She met two silversmiths in the heart of Delhi's jewellery centre, who agreed to work for her. Extensive hours of study of diamonds, amethysts, topaz stones and sapphires followed. "I learnt from the workmen — the cutters, the polishers."

Today Nikki is one of the few woman jewellers in Delhi. Her precious and semi-precious jewellery is fast getting popular. She not only creates her own designs but advises her customers as to what would suit them. She now plans to open a jewellery boutique which well sell sarees to match each stone.

ILA PANDA

As joint managing director with her husband, of Indian Metals and Ferro Alloys Ltd., Bhubaneshwar, Ila Panda is also interested in the welfare of the Adivasis who live in and around the industrial complex around her firm, and she has succeeded in persuading them to send their children to school.

Mrs. Panda's welfare activities are quite varied. She is the Managing Trustee of the Indian Metals Public Charitable Trust, the president of the local MRA branch, and an active member of the Committee for the Administration of Orissa Famine Charitable Relief Fund, the Orissa State Council for Child Welfare and the Utkal Balashram Committee.

A student of Shantiniketan, Mrs. Panda graduated from the Central School of Arts & Crafts, London. Some of the Indian designs created by her then drew the attention of textile designers in the UK for commercial use.

Mrs. Panda's hobbies include gardening, reading and painting, but like her talent for designing, these have to be given second priority to her welfare work and her children.

hi ya honey!

MY HUSBAND a man of rare gifts

By the wife of an Alves called Johnnie

If I said, "My husband is a bit of a miser," it would probably be the understatement of the year, perhaps of the century. Most of the scenes in our house revolve around money — the money I spend. What he spends gets the Nelson eye. Money means nothing to my husband. When I ask him for some, I get nothing.

Once he told the parish priest, "My wife bothers me all the time for money. It's always give me Rs. 200, give me Rs. 300."

"Yes," said the parish priest. "And what does she do with the money?"

"I don't know," said the twirp, "I never give it to her."

In the first six months of marriage, I used to give him a detailed account of the money I needed and he used to say, "Don't give me details darling, just give me the total and I'll give you the money."

Then he changed. Every time I presented the tab, he would act as if he were raving mad. He would walk up and down repeating in a high-pitched voice, "Who do you think I am, Aristotle?"

Nowadays, I write out the cheques. In the past, he would lock himself in the room with his drinks and bills and come down two hours later looking pale. Whenever he received bills he spent time and money checking the prices with at least two other dealers before issuing the cheques. The sound of a cheque being torn from his cheque book makes him cry.

I saw that he was slowly losing his health over these bills and in order to save him high blood pressure, I undertook to write out the cheques.

Of course, I cook the food in the house. "My wife is a good cook and no one can cook like she does," is not meant to compliment me but to save on the cook's salary. You cannot expect anything better from a husband who talks through his nose to save wear and tear on his teeth.

The children get weekly pocket money, but they would not accept it from their father even if it was double. Before he actually gave away any money, the children would be subjected to a lecture on how spoilt the modern generation is and how he himself got pocket money only on birthdays and Christmas. He would even insist on a detailed expenditure chart. He stopped demanding it only when daughter Bernice added 50 paise as expense for writing it.

I do not invite friends over for drinks. He does. If and when I do, he walks up and down the kitchen floor while I wash up, muttering how he could not understand why Shankar drank three straight whiskies in our house and only half a peg in his. "And do you have to invite Madhu and his talkative wife? Shes pretty, I know, but while she talks to me, her husband sees the bottom of the bottle."

In the beginning he had a theory that money wasn't a thing you worried about until someone came and worried you about it. Now nothing worries him except money.

At mass on Sundays, you cannot get him to be interested in the prayers. His roving eye, like a spotlight, covers the entire congregation only to rest on a mini or a low neck, but when the collection plate comes around, he is deep in conversation with God, and nothing can disturb him.

When on rare occasions he accompanies me to the stores, the counter salesmen duck below the counter and disappear somewhere else. Everyone of the salesmen in the A to Z or Akbarally's have sometime or the other been on the receiving end of lectures on how to measure cloth, or the equation between price and quality and the efforts the government and especially he, was making to hold the priceline.

I even drive the car these days. When he drives there are more morons on the road, every second pedestrian is an idiot.

My husband can drink for hours before he gets his own booze. He is such a miser that he won't even get into a fight unless it's a free-for-all. But I like him. He is a good man. He is satisfied to let the rest of the world go buy.

Until next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 25, 1978

THE WINNER!

The results of our Complete the Story contest will be announced next week, and the winning entry will be published in the February 25 issue. The winner will receive a cash prize of Rs. 250.

PATA '78

The much-awaited PATA Conference in Delhi is over. A report on the event and its outcome, and interviews with women delegates to the conference.

ALSO

Attracting Young Tourists — something we need to learn more about.

MEDICAL

All about dentures and how to look after them.

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